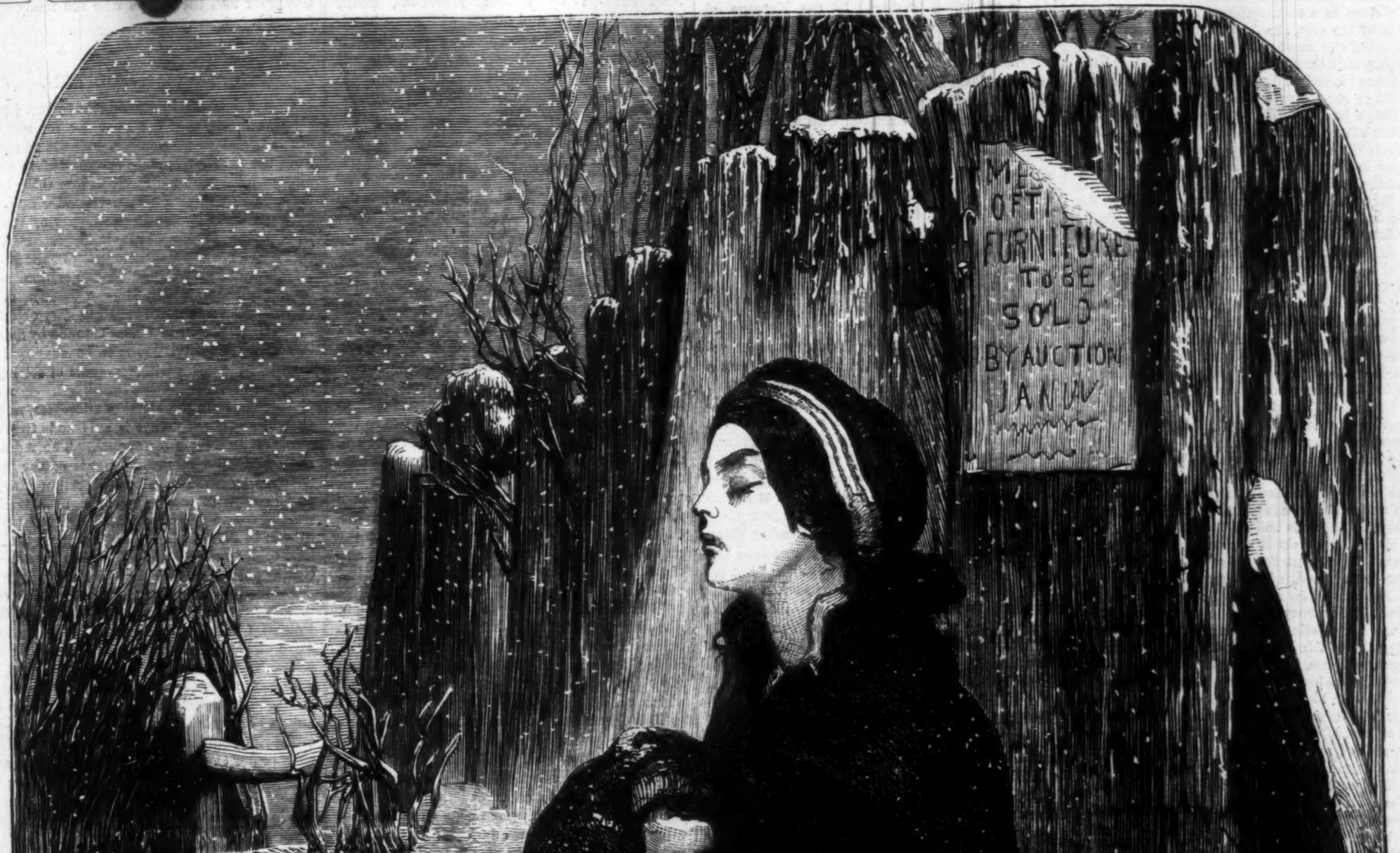
HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. II.—No. 56.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1858. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.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IN THE BITTER COLD.

IN THE BITTER COLD.

BITTER cold, the daily papers said. The thermometer fell suddenly, and there seemed at last a prospect of the winter becoming a reality. Mary Hardwicke would have found it cold enough if she had thought about it. But she had no thoughts to spare for herself. They three—the mother and her two children—were going to try how cold it was, and her mind never wandered from them.

Theirs was the old story. The husband, a worthless, drunken wretch, had made her life a burden for a couple of years, and had ended that morning in being convicted of theft, and being sentenced to the State Prison. The more he ill-treated her, the more she had loved him. She went to the court where he was tried and besought the judge, with agonized tears and sobs, to spare him this once; her prayer denied, she approached him to give him one last kiss—the ruffian thrust her from him with a curse, and hurled her back into the bystanders' arms.

All her money had been spent in the purchase of legal assistance for him. When she returned to her little room in a tenement-house quite at the outskirts of the city, she found herself dispossessed. The act of ejectment was summary. She and her children were thrust into the street, and their little furniture advertised for sale. It was dark; it was snowing; her strength failed her; her heart was well-nigh broken. She sat down with her back against a fence and dreamed.

Years ago she was the daughter of a comfortable farmer in New England. She had been bred so carefully, and had such natural instincts of propriety, that, had she married a lawyer or a divine, she could have filled her station in society with credit. Her father wished her to marry a young farmer of the neighborhood; she preferred to encourage the suit of a journeyman painter from the city, whose face was handsome and manners lively and engaging. The father—half-wise, half-foolish—forbade the painter his house. The daughter that night ran away with him. A brother followed the couple and saw them married, then bore home the message from Mary that she was William's wife, and, so help her God, she would never leave him!

"God grant," said the old man, sorrowfully, "that he may not some day be taken from her by a worse hand than Death's!"

God did not grant the prayer. For a few months William had labored assiduously at his trade; but when his child was born Mary's wholesome influence was withdrawn, and he relapsed into his old society of drunkards and rowdies. From that time till his imprisonment it was an incessant struggle between them; but the influence once lost could never be regained. Want sometimes compelled William to work for a few days; but as soon as he earned a little money he went to the corner grocery and spent it, absolutely relying on his wife for the necessaries of life. She battled bravely with all—want, sickness, and domestic sorrow—always hoped, always loved; bore the pangs of hunger as calmly as the blows of her brutal husband (do not start, ladies; 'tis a very old and common story); and at last, after a longer strife than I care to relate, arrived at the terrible pass when "her husband was taken from her by a worse hand than Death's," and she and her babies were driven out in the cold.

But could she not obtain shelter in some Christian home?

Of course she could, my dear madam; but you forget that there are misfortunes which blunt the faculties, numb the energies, and paralyze mind and body together. You have never known them, and probably never will; but they exist. Over a hundred females, many of them of irreproachable character, have no other home in this great city than the station-houses, where the police grant them a night's lodging. Think you not that these could do better, in all honesty, if they had the nerve and the wit?

Ah! Heaven be thanked, this is a Christian country, where paupers are rarer than diamonds, and evictions are almost unknown! Older and more crowded countries exhibit a hundred lamentable scenes of suffering where we have one; but we must not suppose that the poor are exempt from misery here. We have hard landlords—grasping men—who make a living by letting tenements, and driving out pauper tenants into the cold; we have brutal husbands, who beat their wives, and get drunk, and steal, and go to prison; and we have, as a natural consequence, Mary Hardwickes and their poor little starving children, more than any reader imagines—more than all our private charities can adequately relieve.

Lady, it may not be your lot—as it was some one's—to meet Mary Hardwicke in the cold, with her shivering babes; it may not be your privilege to take the poor things to a warm fire, and watch them eat a warm supper, and give them a good bed, and provide the poor mother with work. But it may be—it ought to be—your lot and your privilege to anticipate such frightful catastrophes; to suffer no human sister to stand in danger of being turned out in the cold this winter; to see that no virtuous woman is put to a trial which you, perhaps, might not withstand; and God grant that you may have the good fortune to do so!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1858.

PUBLISHERS' CARD.

MR. THACKERAY'S new Story, "THE VIRGINIANS," with many humorous illustrations by the author, was commenced in the DECEMBER number of *Harper's Magazine*. It is printed from early sheets, received from the author in advance of publication in England; for which the Publishers pay Mr. Thackeray the sum of $2000.

☞ With the full knowledge of this arrangement, the proprietors of the *New York Tribune*, who have been leading advocates of an international Copyright Law, and profess the warmest regard for the interests of British authors in this country, have begun

to copy this Story from our Magazine

into their paper, *though without the author's admirable illustrations.* The same parties, under the same circumstances, reprinted upon us Mr. Dickens's "Little Dorrit," for which we paid the author Two Thousand Dollars.

No American publisher can afford to give two thousand dollars for early sheets of a foreign work which is instantly reprinted upon him by a rival in business.

The course of the *Tribune* is, therefore, decidedly calculated to deprive the British author of the only compensation he can get, in the present state of the copyright law.

WHAT THEY THINK OF US IN EUROPE.

AMONG the late items of news from Europe is the effect produced by the Message of President Buchanan. It seems that the steamer from this side arrived at Liverpool late in the afternoon—too late for the Message to be transmitted to London by railroad that night. The news agent telegraphed to London and Paris that the steamer had arrived with the Message, and that he would send on the heads in the course of the evening. The answer came directly—not only from London, but from Paris as well—"Telegraph the entire Message through at once." It was so done. The entire Message appeared next morning in the *Post*, and in French in the Paris journals. Such an expensive telegram has never been sent—even in this country of telegraph and newspaper enterprise.

There is some reason to believe that the feat was not altogether a triumph of newspaper enterprise; that the Governments paid at least a share of the expense. However this may be, the main point remains the same—the Presidential Message was so vital a matter to the people or the Governments of England and France that they could not wait twelve hours to read it, but must have it entire, by telegraph, at any expense, as soon as it arrived at Liverpool. Such events mark epochs in history.

How many years is it since the London *Times* informed its readers that it had received the Message of "the President *of America*," but really it was so long-winded a document that it thought it would best consult the wishes of its readers by giving them a brief summary of its contents, and devoting its space to the great murder trial then pending? And how long is it since the French learned that the President of the United States was not identical with the Archbishop of New York, or the Governor of Virginia? We are speaking of things remembered by men still young.

This revulsion, which has caused so much distress, seems to have done us one service—it has taught Europe how dependent it is on the United States. In some instances—in England especially—the crisis succeeding our revulsion seems rather to have been the occasion than the cause of many serious embarrassments; the tight money market which supervened on the receipt of the bad news from this side happened to occur just in time to explode rotten concerns there; but the bulk of the commercial disasters which have occurred in the various states of Europe are directly traceable to our troubles here. They have taught the Europeans that this vast country, of which they know so little and which their Governments affect to despise so much, is rapidly growing into a position of mercantile and financial supremacy, and that, before another half century rolls over, the life-blood of the commercial world will pulsate from and to the great mercantile centres in the United States. These are truths not very pleasant for the old nations to learn; but the telegraphing of the Presidential Message shows that our neighbors are trying to learn them.

EMBARRASSMENTS OF THE ENGLISH IN INDIA.

IT seems from the latest news from the seat of war in India that the reconquest of that country is not as yet a fact accomplished. If we are to credit the comments which are made by competent authority on the obscure telegrams from Lucknow, Sir Colin Campbell must be in an embarrassing position. From the description of the city of Lucknow given in the *Weekly*, the reader can readily understand how the several detachments under the command respectively of Inglis, Outram, and Havelock, and, lastly, the army under Sir Colin Campbell, may have found it easier to get into Lucknow than to get out of it. The Residency, which has been occupied throughout the struggle by the English troops, is strong enough to resist attack; but it is surrounded by a large scattered city, full of very large buildings easily turned into forts. Each time the British troops outside have relieved the garrison in the Residency, they have run the gauntlet of these improvised forts, and have only achieved their purpose at an immense sacrifice of life. The city and palaces are said to be held by a hundred thousand Sepoys, mostly Oude men, able-bodied, brave, and in a high state of military discipline.

It is likely—at least so we read one of the latest telegrams from Lucknow—that Sir Colin Campbell has resolved to evacuate the place, and that in doing so, on 21st, his loss was very severe. A fortnight must elapse before the truth or error of this conjecture can be ascertained.

The war now seems to concentrate in the kingdom of Oude. Elsewhere, the operations simply consist of the hunting down of the mutineers by flying columns, and, though the work may be tedious, the result is a mere question of time. As much may be said, in one sense, of the contest in Oude; for there can be no question but the English will reconquer it in the end, whatever the operation may cost. But meanwhile it is not unlikely that we may yet hear of many sanguinary engagements, and of a determined resistance by the rebels. The British force at present in India seems large, considering the great achievements that have been effected by Wilson, Havelock, Neill, Greathead, Inglis, and others, with mere handfuls of men; but we see, nevertheless, that Sir Colin Campbell's first telegram to Calcutta was for reinforcements. Those who have friends in India must not be precipitate in supposing that the trouble is over.

RAILROAD MANAGEMENT.

IT is a matter of public notoriety that the New York Central Railroad has borrowed within the past few days, at ninety per cent., half a million of dollars, and that, in February next, the directors intend to declare a dividend of four per cent. Where can such financiering lead?

Within a few weeks before the great breakdown in railway securities last year Captain Galton, one of the most experienced railway engineers in England, made a thorough survey of all our roads, and, returning to Great Britain, published an account of his surveys, going to show that there were no such enterprises in the world as the railways of the United States, and that every body who took stock in them was sure to make a fortune. There is no reason to suspect the Englishman's honesty. Yet within a few weeks after the foreign public had invested their money in American railways on the strength of his report the collapse came, and those investors were fortunate who only lost one-half or two-thirds of their investment.

What is the secret? Simply that Galton, like many others, had seen the roads, and calculated their business, but had not any account of the financiering stratagems which are set afoot by presidents and directors for purposes which can be imagined.

This last operation of the New Central illustrates the point. The New York Central is, without doubt, one of the best railways in the world. It runs almost through a continuous village from end to end. As the country becomes more settled its way traffic must be enormous. But how can any business, however promising, be profitably conducted if money is perpetually borrowed at ten per cent. discount and seven per cent. interest to be distributed in the guise of profits? What merchant could help failing if, at the end of each year, he borrowed money at this rate, independently of the profits of his business, and spent it on his household? For the last three years the New York Central has borrowed precisely the sum it has paid in dividends, and declared that it was spent on the capital, and ought not to be charged to the income account. How can people help thinking that the whole management is a sham, and the ultimate prospect collapse and ruin?

GOOD NEWS FOR JOHN BULL.

JOHN BULL is a lucky fellow; he is going to have a new accession of strength in his American country: he is going to have the Mormons all to himself. Early next spring, when the ice melts—so saith Dame Rumor—Brigham Young, with his thirty-seven wives, Lieutenant-general Wells with his wives, the Elders and their wives, and the Saints, big and little, with their wives, are going to shake the dust from their feet, and to found a new Latter-Day Settlement in the territory of the Hudson Bay Company. They will be welcomed; any thing in the shape of a man, with legs to carry him and hands to till the ground, is a God-send to the territory ruled by the Company, and the traders, factors, and governors would give the Mormons the right-hand of friendship, even if they brought with them doctrines ten times as monstrous as polygamy.

Well, we can spare them. It is unlikely that the masses of the American people will give way to unreasonable mourning over their departure. Not to put too fine a point upon it, they have been a nuisance here, and have rendered to the United States no appreciable return for the trouble and expense which they have cost us.

Had their rulers displayed as much tact and address in dealing with the General Government as they must have exerted to retain their hold over their own people, they might have opened a question which would have embarrassed the acutest minds in the country. The South, seemingly, might, by judicious management, have been driven into the support of Mormonism. Happily, Providence, according to the proverb, bereft the doomed sect of reason; Brigham Young smoothed the way for his own overthrow.

It only remains for us to hope that the news of their intended peaceful expatriation may not be falsified by future events. The newspaper organ of the Mormon government certainly does not justify the belief that despair has yet seized hold upon the rulers of Salt Lake Settlement. There is the usual amount of profanity, slang, and braggadocio in the elders' speeches, and no small concern lest, in the hour of trial, the faithful saints should be punished where they have sinned—lest their wives should refuse to follow them into a new wilderness, or even join hands with their enemies. In all this, sagacious observers believe they can see nothing more than a desire at all hazards to avoid a final collision with the troops, and to bluster as a means of making the best terms they can with the new Governor and the troops who are ready to enforce his behests.

CANADIAN POLITICS.

OUR neighbors in Canada have just had an election throughout the Province for members of the Legislative Assembly. So far as appears from the nearly complete returns before us, the present ministry have carried every thing before them in Lower or Eastern Canada, and have been generally beaten in the Upper or Western Province. On the whole, it is presumed that they will have a working majority in the House; though the Upper Canadian Opposition, at the head of whom is Mr. George Brown, of Toronto, threaten to make revolutionary objections to the Government of Upper Canada by a Lower Canadian majority. It is to be supposed that the revolutionaries will stop short of setting the lakes on fire.

Judging from the election addresses, no principle of any consequence is at issue between the ministry and their opponents. The Administration consists of the remnants of the parties once led by Mr. Hinks and Sir Allan MacNab. In the days of their glory, these two factions were at drawn daggers; now they lie down side by side in official clover, and cover up their old feud under a spoils blanket. They have no particular policy, nor has the Opposition. In Upper Canada, the leading idea among the opponents of the ministry seems to be hatred of the Roman Catholics; they want to trample the Pope of Rome in some new and crushing manner. In Lower Canada, the Opposition, who call themselves *Rouges*, desire to strike out new and bold paths to greatness; there seems to be a flavor of Socialism about them, with a dash of anti-priestcraft, and a sprinkling of hostility to the Mother Country. But, altogether, it seems very difficult to find out what they want; it is doubtful if they know themselves; and, as they are in a ridiculous minority, it is of no consequence.

Canada is rapidly assimilating to our great Northern States. The Government is daily growing less and less important; the people, and the great commercial and agricultural interests, are becoming paramount. In a few years the Canadians will regard their general elections with as much indifference as is bestowed on State elections here.

☞ WE owe an apology to the gifted lady who writes over the signature of Fanny Fern, for omitting to credit her with the authorship of the charming little story, republished from a foreign exchange, in our number of January 9th, entitled "Old Husbands and Young Wives." We can only say that, while we trust we shall not be so unfortunate again, so long as Fanny continues to scatter profusely throughout the world of paper and type such exquisite little sketches as the one we have mentioned, the temptation to read them will be universal. Our neighbor Bonner of the *Ledger* must, however, we suppose, be respected in his monopoly.

THE LOUNGER.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

THERE are some vases so delicate that they can hardly be handled without injury; just as some fruit, however lightly touched, will lose its bloom. So, too, the Lounger now wishes to speak of something so exquisite that words will almost harm its completeness.

Perhaps some idle reader of the Lounger recalls the *Nox Delmonica*, a sketch in which a bridal dinner was described several weeks since. Some verses were quoted which were read at table, and there was a slight description of the guests. There were some bold readers who, after perusing the sketch, declared that the Lounger himself was one of the guests, and that the verses were evidently his own—and (they sagaciously added to themselves) mighty poor at that.

But there are who do not drift with the popular current. There are who look at events and read newspapers for themselves, and who will not tolerate, without protest, any assault, however covert, upon well-established reputations. There are who ruthlessly expose all evil-doers, and hold them up in the glare of public contempt.

That is the Lounger's present unhappy position. Here are the words of Nemesis:

"'*Harper's Weekly*, in recounting a dinner entertainment in honor of Bayard Taylor's wedding, speaks of one of the company as *Auctor Ignotus*—'a mild octogenarian' (Washington Irving?), who recited certain epithalamic verses, 'poor old gentleman!' in a 'somewhat cracked and cackling voice.' What exquisite ideas some editors have of politeness, propriety, and good taste!"

Now this is altogether *the* luxury of the season. The Lounger, it appears, called Washington Irving *Auctor Ignotus* (an unknown author); he insulted that hale old gentleman of seventy-four, by clapping on six years and calling him an "octogenarian," and "poor old gentleman;" and babbling about his voice; and then the exquisite dunce of a Lounger, too eager in his jealousy of superior genius, at once shows his hand, forgot that Washington Irving was universally known as a comic poet and scribbler of rhymed puns, and so betrayed his malice and the name of the revered author he had so carefully concealed under offensive epithets, by printing a copy of verses which were, of course, at once recognized by this calm, perceptive reader, and by all other people of sense, to be the work of Washington Irving!

Well, since it is all out, why should the Lounger affect surprise? He had calculated, he confesses, upon the general credulity. He had little idea what eyes and minds and powers of comparison and ratiocination were to be brought to bear upon his sketch. He will be more careful in future. He will not only set himself to learn of the editor who has thus exposed him in the departments of "politeness, propriety, and good taste," but will also insist upon joining him in his little excursions for mares'-nests. What a collection the editor must possess!

The Lounger humbly proposes that the first excursion shall be to the forest of Arden; for there the melancholy Jacques found the *finder* of a mare's-nest—does the editor remember?—a much more interesting discovery than the nest itself. And that acute natural philosopher—does the editor remember?—instantly classified him:

> "A fool! a fool! I met a fool i' the forest!
> A motley fool: a miserable world!
> As I do live by food, I met a fool!"

A. BURR.

THAT Satan is never quite so black as he is painted, seems to be the principle upon which Mr. Parton has written one of the most fascinating of biographies—the Life of Aaron Burr. It is a poor compliment to say that this Life is as interesting as a novel; but it would be the highest praise of a novel to say that it had as much substance, progress, interest, and moral as this biography. The reader gets some idea of the personal attraction and sympathetic power of the man in the very singular interest which his romantic story excites.

It is impossible to reverse the judgment which his country has passed upon Aaron Burr. His very name has grown to have a mean and insignificant sound. It is short and unmusical. It looks unattractive, whether written or printed; and his own habitual signature, though large, was shrinking and unimpressive. Burr was associated with Benedict Arnold in heroic daring before Quebec, and their names are mingled in a common infamy.

Mr. Parton fills a difficult position with great ability. He has put aside all prejudice; he has thrown himself into the times of which he writes; he has carefully collated and compared; he is a Democrat, without any deference to traditions or to persons; he does not excuse his hero, nor defend him, beyond reason; but he carefully sifts and searches, and, according to what is simply just in any biographer, he states his hero's side as it probably appeared to himself, and leaves the final judgment to the reader, while he does not shrink from expressing his own. With all this candor, however, he is sometimes betrayed into unhandsome sneers against the opponents of Burr, forgetting to allow them the same justice of kindly statement which he bestows upon him; and, beyond question, he sees our early politics with the eye of a Democrat, and not of a Federalist. With many of his conclusions many readers will entirely dissent, especially in his comparative estimate of Hamilton and Burr, in which he states that he considers Burr to have been, upon the whole, as good a man as Hamilton.

In fact, Mr. Parton's biography is the final and weighty evidence of the general justice of the estimation in which Burr is held. When you close the book, you feel that you have been dealing with an unsubstantial phantom—with a personality that lives in no work, nor word, nor influence—but solely in a name.

Taking Mr. Parton's portrait as correct, Aaron Burr was a splendid adventurer. He was a brave soldier, and, carrying his soldiership into politics, an adroit political manager, a shrewd and audacious advocate, a polite and dignified civilian, with the good sense of silence, and an invincible hilarity, arising quite as much from lightness of temperament as from the discipline of self-restraint.

But he had no faith, no principle, no aim, except his own advancement. Mr. Parton commends his reticence when he tied the Congressional vote with Jefferson. But Burr was undoubtedly a sagacious man, and he did not dare to seem even to connive at his own election to the Presidency, and the consequent disappointment of the people. Burr knew as well as the people themselves that they wanted Jefferson for their President, and to have thwarted that wish would have been political suicide. He can not be praised for his silence and impartiality at that time. To hold his tongue was the most he could safely do for himself. A greater and wiser man would himself have ended the doubt by giving way to Jefferson.

But throughout his whole political life, State or National, there shines no great cardinal principle, no idea. He secretly despised the Government, and disbelieved in it, in common with so many educated men of the day—including Hamilton. He saw that the mass of people might be used, and he used them—in all he said or did showing only that he was a cool-headed politician. His life is absolutely arid of generous sentiment, of noble thought, of human sympathy. In the old philosophy, he liked the Stoics; in the new, he followed the skeptics. He loved his daughter with fondness and pride. He gave her all his heart. But he taught her like a Roman of two thousand years ago, not like an American of the beginning of the century. He aimed, perhaps, at being a Zeno or Epictetus in the shape of a modern gentleman; but he succeeded only in being a small Chesterfield.

His whole career illustrates these characteristics. Representing no principle, no policy—nothing but his own success—his reverses were incredible. He eluded misfortune—he never met it. When it overwhelmed him he rose above it, not with the serene superiority of the great men—of Milton or Socrates—but with the pert agility of a French dancing-master. "Here we are again!" he cries, with the melancholy glee of a clown. In 1805 he was Vice-President of the United States, and a political leader in the State of New York—a conspicuous politician, whose opinions, if he had any, he kept to himself. He was the most gallant and graceful of the gentlemen in society. He was polite, polished, irresistible, flattering, and flattered—only one round below the highest upon the uncertain ladder of political eminence—the past was bright, the future alluring: few men were, apparently, more to be envied than Aaron Burr.

This was in 1805. In 1810 he was skulking under the name of "Mr. Kirby" through back streets in Paris, to avoid passing an old woman to whom he owed two sous for cigars. In 1812 he returned to his country utterly bankrupt in every thing but fascination and good-humor, and lived for twenty-four years under a weight of obloquy that would have crushed most men in less than as many months.

What success he achieved was evidently owing to his personal persuasion. In his great Western scheme—his treason, as it was called—he was conspicuously incompetent as a controlling spirit. He could lead forlorn hopes, but he could not conduct campaigns. Jefferson called him "great in little things, and little in great things."

The Lounger is writing too long a paragraph. He can not speak of what are usually called the crimes of Burr—the duel with Hamilton, and his conduct toward women, or his Mexican projects. But none of all these explain the odium which shrouds his name. That is only to be solved by the universal conviction that Aaron Burr had not principle enough to prevent his being a murderer and a traitor.

Nor does Mr. Parton's "Life," clear and candid as it is, disturb this impression. The reader feels that the story belongs to that cold, handsome, reticent, epicurean head which hangs at the entrance of the book. Prejudice and passion have had their way—they have done all the harm they can. The man is passing into the cold, discriminating light of history. His portrait will hardly be painted again, it has now been so well done; and though the shadows may be a little lightened, they will be shadows still.

Every young man who secretly thinks political or moral principle a delusion had better read this book. Every young gentleman who glories in his fascinating manners and his "knowledge of the world"—by which he really means contempt for mankind—may well devote a leisure hour to a trip across the bay to Port Richmond, on Staten Island, where the big wooden tavern is still standing in which Aaron Burr died at the age of eighty, leaving no eye moister for his dying; and then let him cross to Princeton, and, by the side of the graves of Jonathan Edwards and the senior Burr, read the name of Aaron Burr upon a head-stone, and supply in his heart the epitaph.

THE GREAT EVENT.

THE Lounger hopes that all his female friends are aware of the ceremony which will so soon take place in London. Nothing like it, certainly, since the birth of little Napkin in France. The Queen of England is about parting with her oldest daughter; and some wicked person wrote a letter lately, saying that the young lady was dull! What an expression! A Princess of England *dull!* Forbid it, history, and the Prince of Prussia!

The same penny-a-liner declares that the second daughter is cleverer than the first, and that the young Prince of Orange wants her. How tiresome! How *can* the Princess, who is only second, be cleverer than her older sister? And the Prince of Orange may go home again, and justify the story that his suit was all moonshine, for the Lounger wants the English Princess number two for another purpose.

When they get through the weary talk about Kansas and Central America, and the other minor public affairs, the Lounger proposes to surprise the country and secure his election as the next President, by developing his grand measure for settling all possible differences with England, and maintaining the peace of the world, by plighting to her Royal Highness number two the troth of our beloved but solitary President Buchanan.

Pending this event, which will naturally throw all the other *coups* of the century into the shade, all eyes wait with anxiety upon the approaching nuptials of the blooming Prince of Prussia and the blushing Princess of England.

BUNKER HILL AT THE OPERA.

IT is pleasing to watch the daring feat of the great Mr. Levi North riding four bridleless horses at once, and alighting upon his feet at last, and not upon his head. Of course there will be philosophers in the pit who patiently bide their time, knowing that he will at last come down upon his head—as, after quietly holding Van Amburgh's head in his mouth unharmed for a hundred times, there will come the hundredth and first time, when the lion, in a moment of forgetfulness, will close his mouth suddenly, with the valuable head still inside.

With similar emotions, a Lounger contemplates the brave battle of the Opera manager with his refractory singers. To ride half a dozen horses at once is easy; but permanently to control a musical opposition is not given to man. This Napoleonic gentleman does wonders. He shifts his cards and plays his game with marvelous tact. He is not to be put down, and, if choruses rebel, he closes his doors, summons another chorus, and throws himself, in a touching attitude, into the arms of the affectionate public.

That tender-hearted mistress hears his plaints and protestations—grumbles and waits. But she is a dreadful sphinx. If you can not rede the riddle of amusing her, she slays you without remorse. The bones of ruined fortunes bleach around her—fortunes of hapless managers. It is a standing marvel why any body should wish to undertake such a thankless, profitless task as conducting an Opera. But nature is opulent, and there are always candidates for immediate ruin at the box-office.

New York has not lately had so intrepid a manager as the present one. His decision and skill command the warmest admiration. He gives us new operas, famous singers, and a gush of talent. We all patiently pay and enjoy, wondering only how soon the jaws of the lion will close, and the amiable manager withdraw without his head. Meanwhile, the town surveys with interest his great feat of an improvised chorus and mortified rebels. He was worsted for the moment, as were our glorious fathers at Bunker Hill; but his retreat only the more refreshed and inspired him.

Let all loyal Loungers hope that the rule may now be reversed, and that this Bunker Hill may be only the ascent to victory. And, waiting the result, we may agitate the novel theme whether the Opera can be sustained in New York.

OUR LETTER-BOX.

"SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, *January*, 1858.

"HAT in hand, Mr. Ibrahim Bellflower makes his Sunday bow, through the Lounger, to Miss Nelly Lancer, and begs leave—ahem!—to refer the question of male and female vanity to her for arbitration. Which, Miss Ne—Lancer, is the vainest: a girl (lady) of sixteen, with a new bonnet, the only one of the kind in town, or a youth (gentleman) of twenty, with his first love of a mustache? Hat in hand, Mr. Bellflower waits the reply, accompanied by suitable observations on vanity, etc. Meanwhile he will ask Bell, the Rose-bud, the same momentous question, and compare notes on the replies."

—The Lounger has consulted with Miss Lancer upon the question contained in t[illegible]te of Mr. BELLFLOWER, and that lady desire[illegible] to say that a young lady of sixteen, who wea[illegible] a new bonnet, the only one of the kind in town," discovers a boldness which is always a characteristic of genius, and an independence of public opinion which is an infallible sign of superiority. It requires the possession and exercise of positive powers to select a new bonnet, and to wear it in advance of the fashion. The whole thing shows perception, and enterprise, and self-reliance. To have a mustache, on the other hand, requires a simple abstinence from soap and water, which (Miss Lancer suggests) may not be so very novel or disagreeable to the young gentleman of twenty. Which, then, has the better right to be vain—the one who brings various powers into fruitful action, or the one who lets his upper lip alone? Both may be vain; but of the two whose vanity has an excuse? Miss Lancer pauses for a reply.

"CAMBRIDGE, *Jan.*, 1858.

"MY DEAR LOAF—LOUNGER,—I beg your pardon, Sir; I came near making a most unfortunate mistake, of which I am truly ashamed, particularly as I was rather desirous of making a good impression. I have but lately made your acquaintance. Ned came in the other day, and brought me *Harper's Weekly*. I looked at the pictures, then commenced reading, and became very much interested.

"After a while I looked up, and beheld Ned standing at the door, hat in hand, and looking any thing but pleased. 'You're not going?' said I. 'Why, yes. I think you can dispense with my company, you seem to be so agreeably entertained.' 'But, Neddie dear, I'm very sorry—' 'Oh, never mind! I'll send you the papers every week, but the *Weekly* and I won't make our visits together in future.' I couldn't say a single word, but I gave him a little bit of a kiss, you know, and we made it all up, and he promised to send me the back numbers. Wasn't it kind of him, considering how shabbily I had treated him?

"Somehow I have taken a fancy to the Lounger; but I don't know, perhaps I shall not like him so well when I become more acquainted, though I have much faith in first impressions. As soon as I get the back numbers I mean to search his character to its farthest depths. How does that idea suit you? Do you tremble, or stand firm?

"Sometimes I wonder is the Lounger married—but then it's no matter: I'm not in search of a husband, anyhow. Don't you get tired and out of patience sometimes, arranging this department of the paper? And then some of your correspondents are not overrefined in their ideas, to say nothing of their expressions. But I suppose you have to put up with it. It is strange how pleased some people are if they can get some of their ideas preserved in printer's ink, and put in the newspaper. I, for one, do not plead guilty to that weakness. If I wish to open my heart and send a letter to my favorite editor, is that any reason why he should put it in the paper and let all the world know it? No, indeed; if I should catch one at it, I'd never send him another, or else I'd let him have one that would set him shaking from head to foot with fright—or fun. But good-by, dear Lounger; you have won the regard, the best wishes—all but the heart, of

"BESSIE BRISKOE."

—Miss BRISKOE is perfectly correct in the remark that some people are hugely pleased if they can only "get some of their ideas preserved in printer's ink." There are still others who are more pleased if they can only have ideas. And yet others who have no idea what an idea is.

But is Miss BRISKOE aware how she has outraged the Lounger? You may safely deny every thing to one of her sex—so the Lounger has heard—so long as you concede beauty. Just as you may deny every thing to an author or artist, if you allow that he has genius. Learn, then, Miss BESSIE BRISKOE, that a Lounger is not to be propitiated by any blandishments of your most charming of all the sexes, so long as it is coolly asserted that he has not captured the heart of his correspondent. Nothing less will satisfy him. He must be supreme. *Aut Cæsar, aut nullus.*

Bohemian Walks and Talks.

POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.

WE certainly live in a refined, intellectual, and æsthetically-inclined community. Our favorite amusements quite prove this. The Opera, which is presumed to be the highest and most intellectual form of sensuous recreation, is tottering upon its last legs, propped up by tremendous proclamations, and extraordinary representations, in which poor old Don Giovanni gets pressed into the service after the usual custom, like the prodigal son returning to his father when he had nothing else to do.

In the mean time what are the theatres doing? In one we find a *réchauffé* of one of the most miserable pieces of trash that ever disgraced the Boulevards; while two others are given up to the wild beasts, the wrestlers, the tumblers, the clowns, and the horses. It only needs that Colonel Johnston should send us a few Mormons, or a Camanche or two, for the lunch of the lions and tigers, and we should be quite as great brutes as the Romans themselves.

WHAT WE SEE IN BROADWAY.

ON one of the fine afternoons which really belong to April, but have somehow got misplaced so as to appear in January, Asterik and I were "flaning" in Broadway. Asterik has been almost every where, and has done almost every thing. Now he does nothing but smoke pipes and read French novels, which he conceives to be the "whole duty of man." Asterik seeing Ethelinda go by, like the *Adriatic* under full sail and all her steam up, made the original remark that the American women were the handsomest in the world. I am not, I fear, in the good graces of the ladies, and I am happy to be able to reaffirm the remark, and to indorse it for sixty or ninety days. "Yes," said I, "the maidens and the matrons of Manhattan are comely and fair to look upon; always arrayed in the best taste (what are you laughing at?), always refined, intellectual, and amiable, and free from malice, envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness." "Pshaw!" returned the old scoundrel, "they are nothing of the sort!" I changed the subject by saying, "And the men, how well they are dressed! Combining the polish and the taste of the *jeunesse dorée* with the solidity and manliness of Young England." "Bah!" said Asterik, "you know better. Some of them do wear good clothes; that is owing (no pun intended) to the tailors. The rest wear shiny black coats, which are abominations. A few affect gray, which hue is the emblem of poverty. Those who are well-dressed seem to be overwhelmed with the consciousness of the fact, and instead of astonishing people they amuse them." I am inclined to believe that there is a great deal of truth in what Asterik said. There are a few young men in New York who devote their entire attention to dress. They have been abroad and know what they should wear, but they have not yet made Brummels of themselves. You see a hat which you never saw before; you see whiskers which project half an inch further than any other whiskers; you see a coat which is a miracle of art; you see boots which are quite perfect; but you never think that there is a man attached to all these pretty things, any more than you would mistake the lay figures in the cloak-shops for lovely women. I do not write this to crush the ambition of the *flaneurs*, but simply to give a hint to some "youth to fortune and to fame unknown" who is endeavoring to imitate them from afar off.

THE ETHNOGRAPHY OF THE STREET.

IT was not at all a fine afternoon when I crossed the Park, and my attention was attracted by a knot of persons in front of a hotel much affected by gentlemen from the rural districts. There seemed to be a dispute about a trunk; a low order of trunk; a trunk such as is found in manufacturing villages. There is as much distinction of class among *bagages* as among persons. We have the large, real English sole-leather, canvas-covered, patrician trunk, which spoils a twenty-dollar note. Then there is the Paris trunk, covered with those little odd railway labels, that is still more aristocratic. Following we come down to the miserable invention, the shabby-genteel trunk—a thing of thin board covered with rotten leather, and good for nothing. It was the last-named order of trunk which attracted my attention. On one side stood its proprietor, a thin, wiry New Englander, and over against him a son of Africa. The raiment of the black man was insufficient and nigh to the hook of the *chiffonier*. Old trowsers, patched in many places, shoes worn almost to shreds and yawning disreputably at the sides, no head-covering whatever, a "half-shirt" like unto Falstaff's recruit, and an old drab coachman's coat fluttering in many ribbons. So stood he of Africa in the storm, his bare head flecked with snow, tears in his eyes, and a drop at the end of his nose. He was pleading piteously, as I first thought, for alms. No; the Saxon of Connecticut had entered into a contract with the black man for the transportation of the poverty-stricken *bagage* from the Battery to Beekman Street. The black man was to receive pay for said service. He of New England tendered five cents as compensation, but Africa pleaded for twenty-five. It was a grand sight—with, like every thing else truly great, a comic as well as a serious side. Connecticut clung to his pence like a Yankee, as he was. You could see trade, barter, and dicker in his cold, calculating eye, in his sharp nose, thin lips, even to his hair of no color whatever. He would not part with his capillary fluid, because there might be a process of extracting and selling it. He had read the papers, and did not intend to be fooled by any body in York. You could see success written all over the Saxon, while distress, misfortune, poverty, and servility were as clearly depicted in the African. Lengthy was the argument, the Saxon contesting the ground cent by cent; but gradually, as the public voice seemed against him, he rose to the magnificent sum of twelve cents as a compromise. Africa, somewhat strengthened by sympathy, refused the bargain, and Connecticut reluctantly disbursed the quarter—forced so to do by a storm of popular indignation. We shall hear of him yet in Congress, where he will be particularly eloquent in defense of the rights of the colored man.

THE SPECTRE TEXT.

"Hanged by the neck 'til you be dead,"
The law's judicial voice had said
To one whose hand with blood was red.

The felon staggered from the dock,
And glanced toward the court-room clock,
Whose minutes seemed his hours to mock.

Upon his wrist they clasped the gyves—
(The law holds fast to murderers' lives,
From sentence-time 'til doom arrives!)

He paused an instant at the street,
The sunshine once again to greet
—Life's sunshine, henceforth doubly sweet!

—Life's sunshine, valued because such!
Then, summoned by the jailer's touch,
His feet the pavement seemed to clutch.

Though but a stripling 'mid that crowd,
Like an old man's his form was bowed,
But youth found vent—he wept aloud.

As 'mid the thronging mass he sobbed,
All pulses sympathetic throbbed,
Forgetting now the life *he* robbed!

The sheriff's men, who jailward led,
Felt as if following the dead,
And moved along with noiseless tread.

Beside the prison's frowning gate
He passed the threshold of his fate,
And parted with his human hate.

Some keeper by the stair-way saith,
"One moment pause, to give him breath,"
Then whispered, "It belongs to Death!"

As the cell door to swing began
A shudder through his body ran—
'Twas opened by the murdered man!

The spectre-victim's ghastly grin
Welcomed the convict felon in—
Ah! now, at last, he felt his sin.

No eye but *his* that spectre saw
The grating cell-bolts slowly draw;
Barbing the vengeance of the law!

The felon stood at Murder's throne,
He felt that Murder claimed its own!
—He ne'er again was left alone;

For constantly that spectre said,
"Hanged by the neck 'til you be dead,"
Until his brain seemed crowned with lead.

And constantly fresh blood was shed
Beneath his feet—upon his head—
Waking—or dreaming in his bed!

Vainly by day or night he plead;
Above the jailer's sentry-tread
Still came the words of legal dread.

The very fare whereon he fed,
Even the water and the bread,
Sickened him with its dye of red.

To eye and ear came never peace,
Nor did the spectral vengeance cease
'Til the grim scaffold gave release!

* * * * * *

Ever for souls by crime perplexed,
Remorse will find some spectral text,
Either in this world or the next.

A. Oakey Hall.

HON. CHARLES O'CONOR.

To perfect the portraiture of Mr. O'Conor the reader must imagine a compact and erect figure of commanding height clad in an unvarying suit of black; he must endow the eye with an expression of keenness, and light up the face with intellectual fire; he must assume the grayness of hair and whisker as the result rather of excessive mental toil than as a concomitant of age; he must be informed that the countenance can one moment express powerful scorn or indignation, and at the next relax itself to a mould of humor or sympathy. And then the reader, by the aid of the engraving, will be presented to one of the first lawyers in the United States.

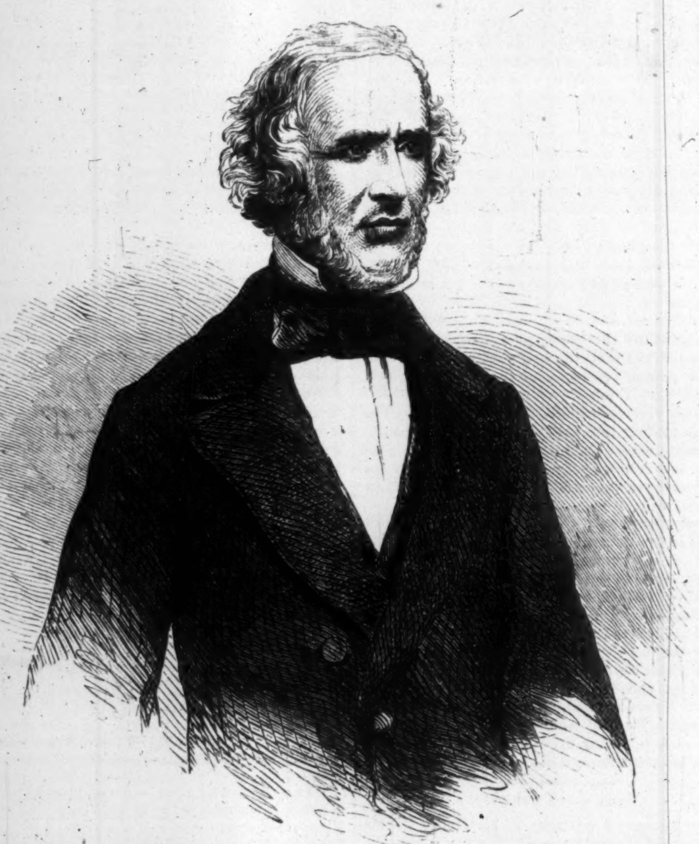
The Cathal (Irish for Charles) O'Conors figure in the histories of Ireland conspicuous among their race. The last king of the country was an O'Conor; and of the five O'Conor chieftains of the province of Connaught (or Connaw) the O'Conor Don was a lineal ancestor of the present representative. The present Charles O'Conor is a great-great-grandson of the distinguished scholar of that name, who was a correspondent of Doctor Johnson; and recent editions of Boswell, in their notes, mention him as a historian and philologist of great note. An intermediate Charles O'Conor of the same family was librarian of the immense Stowe Library, once belonging to the Duke of Buckingham, and is well known in Great Britain as a man of learning and a combative dialectic as well as a bibliographer.

These references are only made because all that was ardent, energetic, independent, and patriotic in the early branch, and every thing which is scholastic, logical, and learned in the more modern generation, has been perfectly inherited by the present representative in this country.

Mr. O'Conor's father came to America in the early part of the present century, and was at that time a gentleman of some fortune, and a single man. He married in New York city, where his son was born in 1804. His mother was also an O'Conor, but of a different family. His earliest boyish years were passed in (now) Steuben County, then a howling wilderness, whither his father had gone with an investment in the landed interest. But severe financial reverses compelled a family return to New York city, and until about the age of twenty-five years Mr. O'Conor had a stern buffet with the world's currents—although there were a few years wherein (the life of an Irish kinsman hanging by a thread) he might have awakened to the possession of wealth. Inheriting as he did indomitable perseverance and an aptitude for languages and logic, he needed no masters or college professors to direct him toward books, or to assist him in their consultation. Indeed, the extrinsic advantages of education enjoyed by him were of the most meagre character. He studied law in two offices, and, if the traditions about the City Hall be true, illustrated *before* leaving them the well-known sporting couplet:

> "To teach his grandson draughts his leisure he'd employ,
> Until at last the old man was beaten by the boy."

Theodore S. Fay, the present Minister to Switzerland, was a fellow-student, and that clever tale-writer has written many a paper founded upon the original sayings and witticisms of Mr. O'Conor.



HON. CHARLES O'CONOR.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

Fay's genius lay more in the regions of clouds and romance than in law, but he had the shrewdness very early to predict a distinguished career for his "fellow-student." The latter was a recluse; and his capacity for study was very great. Perhaps an inherited love for fields and streams whereto he made pedestrian tours for exercise kept the mental in equipoise with the physical. A detail of the devotion which Mr. O'Conor gave to the law in his legal novitiate would be found a perfect illustration of the trite maxim, "No excellence without labor." And it was a devotion rather of reflection upon the *multum* of his few law books than the *multa*.

Mr. O'Conor came to the bar in his twenty-first year; and immediately began the world in self-reliance without clerkship or partnership. For a few years his progress was slow, but by sure gradations. The elders rather frowned upon the junior, whose industry, however, won their respect, while it also aroused their *amour propre*. Mr, O'Conor tried and argued his own cases from the start. These were at first of minor importance, and one will be found reported in 7 Wendell which involved the sum of only fifteen dollars. He rejected no business, however slight, if it were only honorable in its nature and results. By carrying or having carried to higher courts some of these cases, he was soon brought into contact with eminent bar leaders, with whom at twenty-six years of age he was an associate. His early cases reported in Cowen's, Hall's, and Wendell's Reports, evince nicety of pleading, skill in practice, and exactness of legal application.

Before again referring to his legal career, we may be pardoned a short digression, upon his public and personal life. Mr. O'Conor has always been a consistent member of the Tammany Society. Office has many times sought him, but *he* has never sought *it*. Not until called by all parties, and without his knowledge, to become a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1846, had he consented to fill a place of public trust. The debates of that body speak his foresight and ability as a statesman; and so strongly that it must ever remain a subject of regret that his shrewdness, learning, and judgment have not been available in high offices. In the Convention Mr. O'Conor became an admirable check to much of the rampant radicalism. He was felt in the Committee Room rather than heard upon the floor. When he spoke it was entirely to the point, and with no less vigor of logic than illustrative wit and eloquence.

He was one of the six delegates who voted against the Constitution, and his constituency gave 20,000 majority against it. He fully predicted all the evils which an elective judiciary and political financiering have confessedly brought upon the State under the Constitution of 1846. Mr. O'Conor voted against the franchise of the colored man—doing so as a lawyer outside of the philanthropic view of the subject. His views were a forecast of those given by some of the judges in the Dred Scott case. From his early case of the slave Jack, in 14 Wendell, and through his stand in the Convention down to his recent argument in the Lemmon Slave case, his consistency, in opposition to the clamor for the negro, has been remarkable—particularly amidst the political tergiversations upon this head from many a Democratic colleague.

In 1848, at the Presidential Election, he ran for Lieutenant-Governor upon the ticket with General Cass. Mr. O'Conor was 3000 votes ahead of his Soft-shell opponent, while his associate for Governor (Chancellor Walworth) ran behind *his* antagonist. In 1852 he was elector at large for President Pierce, who would have made him Attorney-General had not New York contributed Governor Marcy to the Cabinet. To oblige his friend the President, and heal some Tammany troubles, Mr. O'Conor for a short time held the post of Federal District-Attorney.

Mr. O'Conor is fond of social life, but his relish for his profession sometimes interferes with its enjoyment. Yet few by suavity, tact with guests, knowledge of men and manners, observation in respect to current topics of the day, are more fitted for that enjoyment when it comes; as the guests at the *déjeuners* to Madam Douglas—wife of the Senator—and to Lord Napier, given at Mr. O'Conor's mansion, well testify. He is a great pedestrian, and frequently walks from or to his residence, ten miles from his Wall Street office. His house is delightfully situated on the brow of the height at the Fort Washington Dépôt of the Hudson Railroad. It is large, and in its interior attests the well-earned competency of its possessor. Here he resides with his wife—a member of the distinguished Livingston family. The chief feature of the *ménage* is the extensive law and miscellaneous library of the owner. The former department is represented by all the valuable volumes in civil as well as in common law. The latter is remarkable for its lingual representatives—Mr. O'Conor reading French, Italian, and Spanish with marked interest, and owning choice editions of the foreign authors. His selections announce that he prefers the robust writers and poets to the (to use a phrase once employed by him in a speech) "Tennysonian filigree workers." Over the mantle of the law library hang the portraits of immediate ancestors, taken from life or from the originals in the mother country. In each one may be remarked the reflective brow and searching eye of their descendant. The coat of arms annexed to the portraits has an Irish motto which may be translated, "God sends the Champion." It is a fitting motto for the lawyer who has ever been the champion of what he considered the right against the wrong. The well-appointed billiard-room below the library shows that its owner has a "cue" of relaxation as well as of argument always at hand.

Charles O'Conor refuses more cases than he supervises; partly because he is obliged so to do from regard to those most demanding of attention, and partly because he always selects his business. Of course his labors are given to questions of great moment, yet these must be of a character honorable and reasonably certain in principle. Within a year past he is said to have refused a suit against the city for a large contractor when an examination of the demand satisfied him that, while the law was with his proposed client, the moral facts were clearly antagonistic.

He has been, in consequence, highly successful, but at the expense of much sickness, and with the necessity at one time (1844) of a temporary retirement from practice, during which he visited Europe. Among the great cases of his life we may particularize *the* three will suits of this State—the Lispenard, Mason, and Parish. Although seemingly beaten by the Court of Errors, in the first case, on the will as to personalty, yet before the jury, regarding the realty in the ejectment case tried after this decision, and before the Surrogate, Circuit Judge, and Chancellor he was successful. It is no disparagement toward able associates to say that the great "North American Trust case," involving disputes to the amount of over a million of dollars, was won for his clients upon his masterly brief and analytical argument. His acquittal of Mr. Walker for the homicide of his wife, and his labors in reducing Dr. Graham's crime to the grade of manslaughter, in the teeth of terrible evidence, are well recognized landmarks to his success in criminal jurisprudence. His views in the Metropolitan Police case were not adopted by all the Judges of the Court of Appeals, nor in the disputed Judgeship between Messrs. Davies and Peabody. The law, however, which in the latter case he advocated, has been, in a perfectly similar contest before the highest Pennsylvania Court, adjudicated in consonance with his views. His success in the Forrest case, in the face of grave perjury and much management, is well known to every body. But he has persistently refused all business which would take him from his State, except in the case of the *General Armstrong* before the Court of Claims at Washington.

Mr. O'Conor is a consummate pleader, and is skilled in all the abstruse branches of law. Those who best know him say he could rise to-morrow in Westminster Hall, or before the Master of the Rolls, and argue any point which the brief of attorney or solicitor, then and there placed in his hand, might call up. The doctrines of wills, powers, uses, and trusts are to him household words. Nevertheless, in the *trade* of law, as well as in its *profession*, is he a proficient. The tact toward judge, jury, and witness—the play with human nature—the fence with an adversary—the coolness of a repartee—the *sang froid* of cross-examination—the adroit turn of a position—the dissembling of a fear—the catch of confidence—the wile of diplomacy—the momentary harangue (not at all misplaced, never wordy; keenly put and appropriately dropped)—the *argumentum ad hominem*—the "knacky" quotation—the ingenious diagnosis of motive—the dissection of evidence—the pungent application of proof—all these, which are the *tools* of the *nisi prius* advocate, he wields with dexterity.

His powers as a dialectician are remarkable. Logic pervades even his repartees, for which he is noted. Woe to the interrupter in the unguarded moment! Even his epithets are rather deductive than in the nature of plain assertion. Mr. O'Conor's speeches, when stenographed, read like review articles—apt words and consecutive arguments being all there. It is so with his conversation. His diction is elegant as well as forcible; and his expressions are particularly crispy and original, without ever being *outré*.

If eloquence consists in meaningless metaphor, turgid sentences, rapid utterance, swollen veins, trick of voice, and dramatic gesture, then Charles O'Conor never had it. But if there practically survives to modern age the idea of Tully—*optimus est orator qui dicendo animos audientium et docet et delectat et permovet*—then the addresses of Mr. O'Conor to jury and judges are worthy of all eloquent attributes. His voice is not so flexible as many could wish, nor his tone so various as some desire, but his matter is so superlatively excellent that there is no room for regret.

He seems to be wanting in what the world calls ambition, and perhaps in professional emulation *per se*. But, phrenologically speaking, his concentrativeness and combativeness are large. As a man, his word is a bond. With his name (as a friend wittily remarks) there is but one rhyme—*honor*. His generosities are proverbial; and if it were delicate to lift the vail of private confidence, would prove bright exemplars, like "all good deeds in a naughty world." Toward the young he is exceedingly gracious, especially to the junior acquaintances of his profession. At times there is a flash of ancient querulousness (relic of the recluse student-life) in his way of business, but it is only short-lived. Although naturally proud and ancestorially haughty, he ever unites the true Irish courtier with the American gentleman.

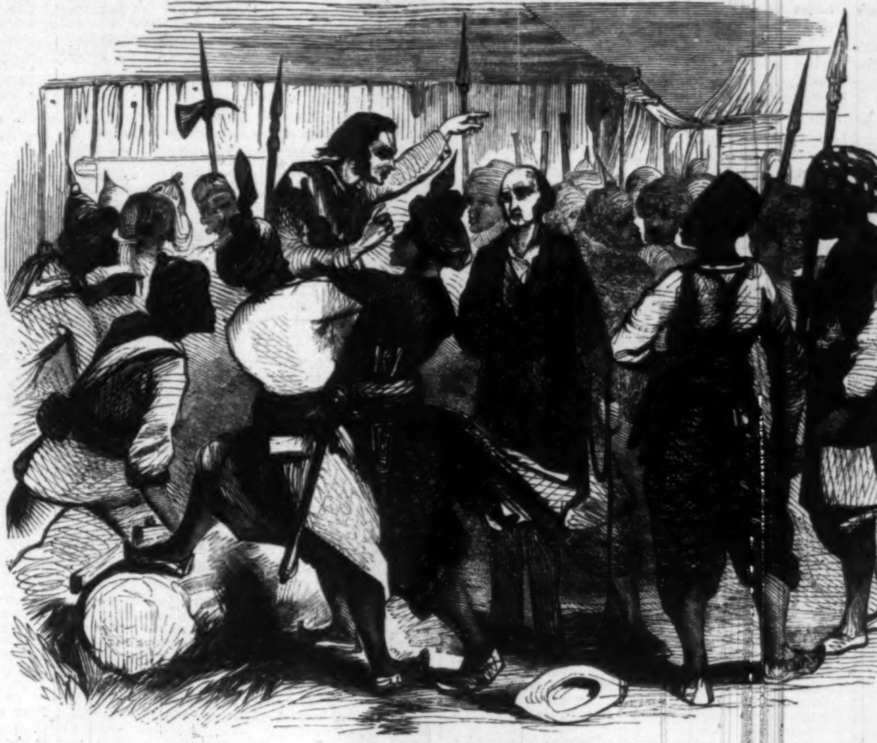
THE GREAT MASSACRE AT CAWNPORE.

We are enabled this week to present our readers with a picture of the seizure of the American missionaries at Futteghur, India, by the Sepoys, and with an illustration of the building at Cawnpore where the terrible massacre of Europeans took place in July last. The latter is from a sketch taken recently by Lieutenant Sydney Pearce, from the gate of the compound, and may undoubtedly be relied upon as correct.

The readers of the *Weekly* have had in the news department, from time to time, copious accounts of the events which have made the name of Cawnpore familiar to every inhabitant of the civilized world. It may, however, be interesting to many to find, in connection with the illustration, a connected account of these lamentable occurrences. The story will be the more interesting, as we are evidently on the eve of hearing of the final punishment of the monsters who then disgraced humanity.

It was on the 5th June, three weeks after the revolt at Meerut and Delhi, that the garrison at Cawnpore mutinied. Cawnpore was a small town, but a military station of considerable importance; partly in consequence of its proximity to Lucknow and the recently conquered kingdom of Oude. It was commanded by an officer of high reputation—Sir Hugh Wheeler: the European population was considerable for an inland town. Ever since the news of the mutiny at Lucknow, Sir Hugh had been on the alert; but till the actual outbreak, nothing had occurred to justify distrust of his Sepoys. He had, moreover, been reassured in a great measure by assurances of friendship, and promises of aid in case of need, which had been sent to him by the most powerful of the neighboring native potentates—Nena Sahib.

This individual was the adopted son of the late Peishwa of Poonah. The Peishwa, having contended against and been overcome by the East India Company, had been exiled to the castle of Bithoor, twelve miles from Cawnpore: he had lived there tranquilly, in affluence, till his death; but the Company had refused to recognize as his heir, or to continue his pension to the young man who was known as Nena Sahib. The Peishwa was obliged to content himself with bequeathing his savings and his castle at Bithoor to the Nena, who, after vainly endeavoring to obtain a reversal of the Company's decision against him, had seemingly acquiesced in its justice, invested $150,000 in East India stock, exercised a jovial hospitality to Englishmen traveling in that part of the country, and appeared quite resigned to his station in life. He was very fond of having English officers to shoot over his grounds, and more than once gave balls at which the fairest of the English ladies enjoyed his hospitality.



THE ARREST OF THE MISSIONARIES BY THE SEPOYS.

It was quite natural that this man should promise to aid Sir Hugh against the mutineers; and, considering his wealth and influence—he is a highly educated man—not unnatural that Sir Hugh should have relied on him.

The mutineers, driven from the fort at Cawnpore, besieged it on 6th June. Sir Hugh sent word to the Nena that now was a good time to redeem his promise. There was no answer. The fort, a poor, miserable affair, was strong enough to withstand the attacks of a besieging force without artillery. For several days the mutineers made no progress, and in repeated sallies the garrison cut them up severely. But one morning a change took place. The garrison thought they perceived heavy guns taking up a position, and sure enough, in the course of the day fire was opened upon them from heavy artillery, and their own guns completely silenced. Whence came the guns? The question was soon answered. Deserters from the mutineers informed Sir Hugh that Nena Sahib had joined the besiegers *with the guns from his castle of Bithoor*, and had taken the command in person.

The defense of the fort, on strategical principles, had been rendered impossible by the arrival of this artillery. Had the Sepoys possessed the least pluck they would have assaulted the place, and carried it by a *coup de main*. It contained only some sixty soldiers, and four hundred women and children. No assault was made, however, and after repeated sorties, Sir Hugh, finding that there were but two days' provisions left, resolved to attempt to cut his way through the besiegers to Allahabad. The attempt was made on the 26th of June. It was at first successful. The half-starved handful of men, led by Sir Hugh, drove the mutineers from their position; but, having no cavalry, they were unable to prosecute the advantage; the besiegers re-formed almost instantly, and being joined at that moment by a fresh regiment from Oude, they attacked the British force on both flanks, and forced it to cut its way back again to Cawnpore. In the retreat Sir Hugh Wheeler was mortally wounded; he died shortly after his arrival at the fort.

On the following day the survivors, seeing that farther resistance was hopeless, sent to ask terms of surrender from Nena Sahib. They were granted: the garrison, men, women, and children, were to be permitted to go to Allahabad in boats furnished by the Nena, with their property, arms, and a certain amount of money. On the same afternoon they left the barracks, and embarked in the boats.

They had hardly pushed off from the shore when a signal was given, and the boats were fired upon from the shore. The fire was continued till all the boats save one were swamped, and all, or nearly all the men, and many of the women and children, were killed. The survivors were seized by the Sepoys and carried back to Cawnpore.

The men, it seems, were instantly put to death; and in some few instances it would appear that their wives could not be separated from them, and perished likewise. They were the most fortunate. The others—no one can say how many they numbered, probably over a couple of hundred—women and children—were confined in a building which had been used as a hospital at Cawnpore.

Meanwhile the fugitives from Futteghur had been intercepted by Nena Sahib's force, and arrested. Of these, the bulk, it is presumed, were instantly put to death; the others, including four American missionaries—the Reverends John E. Freeman, David A. Campbell, Albert O Johnson, and Robert E. M'Mullen—with their families, are believed to have been taken to Cawnpore, and put to death there. These gentlemen are said by the *New York Observer* to have been among the most able and useful missionaries of the American Board—a loss almost irreparable.

From the 27th of June to the 16th of July the captive women and children were detained by Nena Sahib at Cawnpore. It is to be hoped that the statements which have been lately made as to their escape from the extreme outrage practiced on the European females elsewhere are founded on fact; though it must be admitted that the circumstances of the case, and certain memorials which have been discovered, are adverse to so comforting a theory. Mr. Shepherd, the sole European witness of what took place at Cawnpore during that terrible fortnight, states that the females were spared for a worse fate than death; and the native on whose narrative the consoling theory rests confesses that a daughter of Sir Hugh Wheeler, having been appropriated by a cavalry trooper, arose in the night, and, like another Judith, killed her captor with his own sword, then threw herself into a well, where in the morning, in the language of the native, "was found Missee Baba, dead and swollen." We know that a few handfuls of grain was all the poor creatures got to eat; that they were crowded together in a narrow dwelling, scarcely more wholesome at that season than the Black Hole of Calcutta; and that, like their sisters at Delhi, they were robbed of their clothing.

Meanwhile, General Havelock, who had hurried up from Calcutta, and had taken the command of a flying column, consisting chiefly of Scotch Highlanders, had fought eight actions in the course of a fortnight, and was hastening by forced marches on Cawnpore. The enemy, about four to one, met him at Bithoor, and after a sharp fight were defeated. Havelock pursued them toward Cawnpore.

Nena Sahib was there with his prisoners. It seems he had calculated on the repulse of Havelock from Bithoor. It was not till the afternoon of the 17th July that the guns of the British and the resistless approach of the Highlanders warned him that he must evacuate Cawnpore. He acted with promptitude. He gave orders for the massacre of all the women and children held in captivity.

It would appear—the accounts are very confused—that he offered, through the medium of an old woman, to spare the lives of some of the youngest of the English girls, on condition of their entering his harem. This they indignantly refused, preferring a thousand deaths. Sepoys were then sent into the room where they were—a room in the building represented below—and were directed to put them all to death. Of the actual death-scene we have of course no accounts from eye-witnesses. Some of the poor, wretched victims would seem to have escaped into the yard, and to have been killed there. But most of them perished in their prison-house.

No account could be more touching than the silent memorials of the massacre which were found on the reoccupation of Cawnpore. One man saw in the room "all sorts of articles of women and children's clothing—ladies' hair evidently cut off with a sword, combs, and parts of religious books. The floor was covered with blood like a butcher's slaughter-house." Another described the walls as being marked and scarred with sword-cuts and bayonet-thrusts, some of them with hair glued into the cuts. These marks were not at the height of several feet from the ground, as would have been the case had men fought there, but were within twenty inches of the floor—showing that the blows had been aimed at crouching women and children. A bit of paper was found in the blood; on it was written, in a girl's handwriting:

"Mamma died July 12. }
Alice died July 9. } During the captivity.
George died June 27. Date of the surrender.
Cavalry left June 5.
First shot fired June 6.
Uncle Willy died June 18. }
Aunt Lilly June 17. } During the siege.
Left Barracks June 27.
Made prisoners as soon as we were at the river."

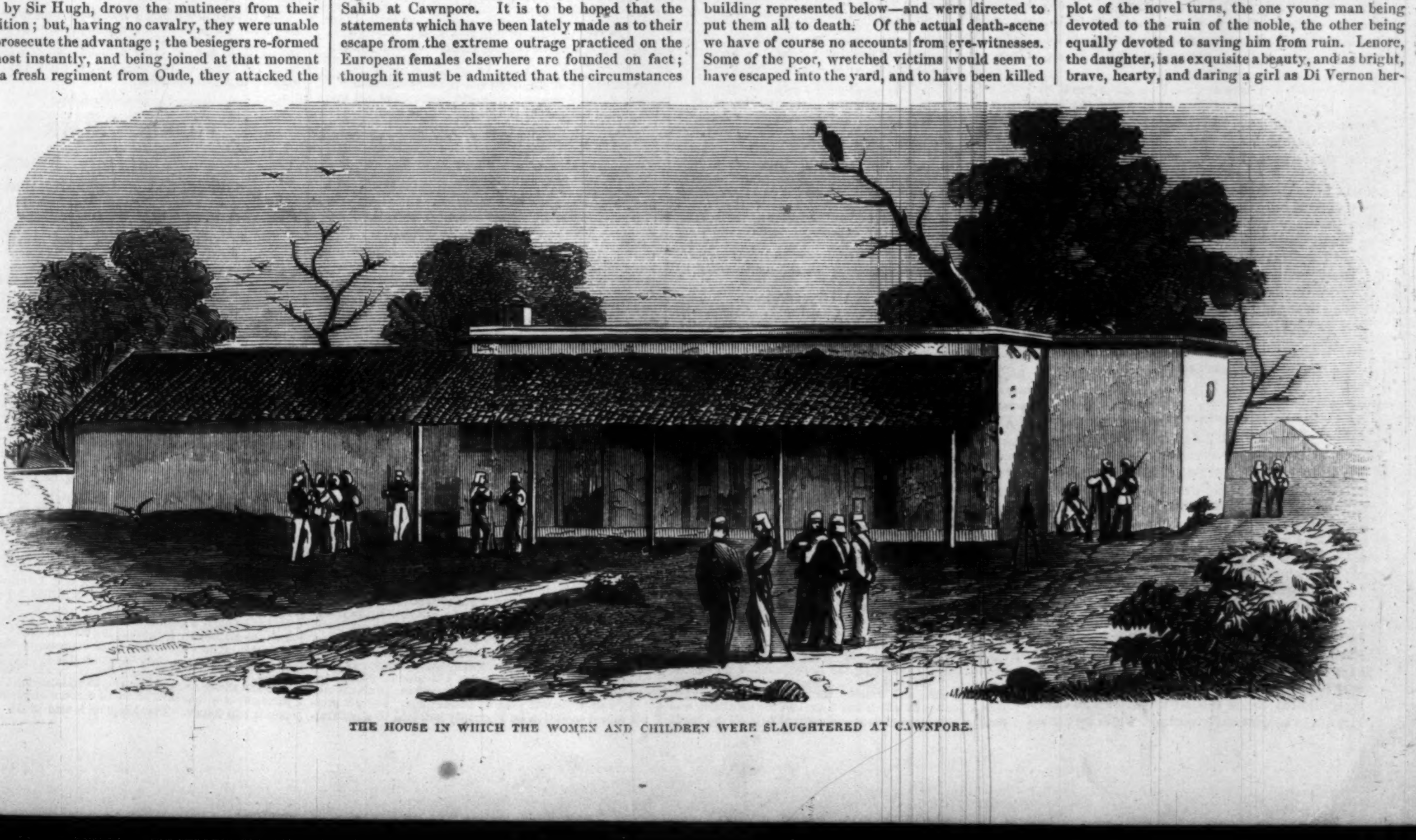
When the massacre was over the bodies were stripped, in many cases dismembered, then thrown into a well—the famous Well of Horror—on which it is now proposed to build a church. Strong soldiers, who had fought in a score of battles, and were accustomed to death in every shape, fainted on looking into that well.

There were a few of the wretched captives who were not there. One girl found her way to Nena Sahib, and boldly upbraided him with the butchery. "No religion," said she, "orders you to kill innocent women and children. Be well assured that by this slaughter the English will not become less; whoever may remain will have an eye upon you." The ruffian laughed sardonically at this address, and actually ordered that the girl should be distinguished from the rest by being put to death by an explosion of powder in her body.

Such were the events of July, 1857, at Cawnpore, and such the enormities which Nena Sahib has yet to expiate.

LITERARY.

As advisers of our readers, and, to a certain extent, caterers to their literary supply, we shall do them a favor in calling their attention specially to DEBIT AND CREDIT, Freytag's novel, which has created no little excitement in England, as well from its intrinsic excellence as from the two rival translations which appeared simultaneously. Messrs. Harper & Brothers publish the edition which has a preface by Chevalier Bunsen. The novel is the most successful attempt at the romance of commercial life which has hitherto been made. As such it is perfect, and should be read by every old and every young man in business. The hero, a young German, is an honest, industrious, capable, and efficient merchant's clerk. His duties lead him into many exciting scenes. He fights in local battles, is thrown into contact with all kinds and classes of society, preserves his integrity under all circumstances, and in the end is rewarded as he deserves. Starting with him in life is a young man, who, devoid of principle and desirous only of achieving success, pauses at nothing, amasses wealth, but at the sacrifice of honor and honesty, and in the end is properly cared for. A nobleman, with his wife and child, holding themselves above the rank of commercial men, are the centre around which the chief plot of the novel turns, the one young man being devoted to the ruin of the noble, the other being equally devoted to saving him from ruin. Lenore, the daughter, is as exquisite a beauty, and as bright, brave, hearty, and daring a girl as Di Vernon her-



THE HOUSE IN WHICH THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN WERE SLAUGHTERED AT CAWNPORE.

self; while Sabine, the merchant's sister and the other heroine, is as delicate and lovable a woman as the pen of an author ever outlined. Finally, in summing up the characters who are chief in the play of incident, is Fink, a young German, educated in New York, and decidedly a fast young New Yorker, who is a capital fellow withal, and who proves in the end to be altogether the hero of the romance. These are the actors. The scene is in Germany, changing from time to time into Poland. The period is that of the last rebellions and revolutions.

The object of the book was and is to teach the true position of commerce in the world. The romance of commerce has found in the author a fitting relater. Yet it is by no means his only forte. There is a rare skill in describing all varieties of character, and when he descends to the low and the vile he does it, unlike other eminent authors of our day, without defiling his fingers. His men are fair and sinful men. He makes no saints out of his women. Rosalie, the Jew's daughter, is a dark background on which Sabine and Lenore are brought out in exquisite relief; yet Rosalie, beautiful and reckless, tempts the frank, good-natured Fink, and Fink is not such a good fellow as to be proof against the seductions of the Jewess.

Debit and Credit may be safely pronounced one of the best novels extant. Its politics are not the popular sort, but its incidents are thrilling and well sketched. Its love is rather German, but it is warm love, deliciously told; and when Sabine throws herself into the arms of her lover, she does it with such a force and grace that one can't help wishing one's self either the lover or Sabine. No one can fail to be deeply absorbed by the story. The plot is not complex, but the workmanship is interesting, and the scenes change and events succeed each other with a naturalness that is admirable. We commend the book heartily to our readers, with the perfect assurance that no one who reads will fail to be delighted with it.

Mrs. (Mowatt) Ritchie publishes (Ticknor & Fields) a new volume entitled TWIN ROSES. It is a graceful and touching history of two sisters, actresses. The plot is not new, being the old and never uninteresting story which Mrs. Barrett has made eternally beautiful in "Bertha in the Lane"—the self-sacrifice of a sister for a sister. The object of the book is to show—what no one who knows of Mrs. Ritchie herself could doubt—that the profession of an actress is not inconsistent with the noblest and purest life.

The blue and gold series has been a great favorite. Ticknor & Fields add to it Mrs. Jameson's SKETCHES OF ART, LITERATURE, AND CHARACTER, a book of rare deliciousness as well to stayers at home as to travelers among European collections. Next to a winter in Europe, in person, is the pleasure of a talk with Mrs. Jameson over the galleries, memorials, museums, and graves of painters, poets, and artists of every name and land.

Francis & Co., of this city, also publish, in blue and gold, Mrs. Browning's POEMS, from the last London edition, corrected by the author. These three small volumes contain all that she has written, from "The Drama of Exile" to "Aurora Leigh." The popularity of this lady in America is manifestly great, since it authorizes the publication of so many editions by Francis & Co. The style of the present is admirably adapted to the table or the *étagère* as a drawing-room ornament, while it is a convenient pocket traveling companion.

One of the most noticeable features of the publishing business in America is the extent to which the publication of Bibles is carried on by private houses. Jasper Harding & Co., in Philadelphia, carry on a great business in this one book, which they print, bind, and publish in every form and variety of simplicity and elegance. The American Bible Society has long been the rival of the publishing houses, and being sustained by donations, and able to sell at cost, it has hitherto been considered impossible to undersell, or even to equal them in prices. It is pleasing to know that the Society are only gratified at the increased circulation of the Sacred Scriptures which private houses are able to publish at low prices, while they do not themselves attempt any illustrated editions, leaving that wholly to private enterprise.

Madam Pfeiffer was a short time since reported to be in high favor at Madagascar, where her performance on the piano had elicited substantial commendations from the Queen in the shape of sundry presents of eggs and fowls. Alas for the fickleness of royalty! A communication states that four weeks later the Queen ordered every European to be summarily decapitated, but was induced to consent that they might leave the island. We have no intelligence which fate has befallen the celebrated lady-traveler.

The German papers publish a newly discovered poem by Goethe, found on the leaf of a book belonging to one of his fellow-students. As it is very short we give it entire:

DER REICHE.

Ja, ich bin wirklich reich, ich habe
Das göttliche Geschenk, die Gabe,
Mit Wenigem vergnügt zu sein.
Ein Mädchen willig mich zu Küssen,
Der Freunde viel, ein gut Gewissen,
Und täglich eine Flasche Wein.

LEIPZIG, 12 *Mai*, 1767. GOETHE.

A LIFE OF DR. KANE by Dr. Elder has just been published by Childs and Peterson of Philadelphia, uniform with the works of the late lamented Arctic explorer. It is a neat and well written biography, and is embellished with a handsome portrait of Dr. Kane. It would be difficult to find a modern hero whose character affords a nobler subject for the biographer than Dr. Kane's; in him were united all the higher virtues which ennoble humanity, and his adventurous disposition filled his career with episodes of the most thrilling order. Dr. Elder has done justice to his theme. We may perhaps be excused for remarking that many persons will feel surprise that so much space should have been allotted to the funeral ceremonies and eulogies of the subject of the memoir, while by far the most eloquent performance on his career and death—the poem on Dr. Kane, published in an early number of this paper—is omitted.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, 11th Jan., the Vice-President laid before the Senate reports of the surveys on the lakes and rivers of New York, from the War Department. Senator Seward presented a petition for an ocean mail route between New York and Gluckstadt on the Elbe. Senator Wilson proposed, and the Senate adopted a resolution calling for the facts as to the amount, collection, and disbursement of the revenue in each collection district for the past five years. Senator Houston introduced resolutions to apply the provisions of the recent Navy Act to the officers constituting the Retiring Board—laid over. A resolution was passed authorizing the President to restore to the active or reserve list of the Navy officers dropped or retired by the Retiring Board. Senator Bigler proposed, and the Senate adopted a resolution directing the Post-office Committee to inquire into the propriety of establishing a mail route between the United States and Brazil and the South American Republics. Senator Brown postponed his speech on Kansas for the present.——In the House, a resolution providing for the publication of 5000 extra copies of the Coast Survey Report was rejected. In Committee of the Whole, Mr. Groesbeck spoke on the capture of Walker.

On Tuesday, Senator Douglas presented a petition to the Senate praying for the establishment of a telegraph line to the South Pass. Senator Wilson introduced a bill explanatory of the Bounty Land Act. After a speech by Senator Benjamin the Senate passed the bill repealing the act authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to change the names of vessels. The operation of the joint resolution of Monday, in reference to dropped officers, was extended to April.——In the House, the documents on Central America and Commodore Paulding were referred to the proper committees. A further Message from the President, stating that Nicaragua had not complained of Walker's arrest, was received. The Constitution of Minnesota was sent in by the President. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Message, and speeches were made by Messrs. Kellogg, Haskin, Moore, Thompson, and Warren.

On Wednesday, 13th, Senator Doolittle introduced a resolution providing for a medal to Commodore Paulding. Senator Brown gave notice of an amendment, expressing the Senate's censure of Paulding's conduct. After debate on the Navy Retiring Board, by joint resolution the President's power to reappoint officers was limited to the six months following the passage of the Act.——The House spent the day in debate on the arrest of Walker; speeches were made by Messrs. Curtis, Clay, Pottle, Lamar, Montgomery, and Zollicoffer.

On Thursday, 14th, Senator Bell moved, and the Senate adopted a resolution inquiring how much land Minnesota will get for railroad purposes under the Act of March, 1857. Senator Davis moved, and the Senate adopted a resolution seeking for information about the war claims of Washington and Oregon. Senator Houston gave notice of a bill for the admission of Kansas.——In the House, Mr. Kelly presented a petition for a Homestead bill. Debate ensued on the Walker business, speeches being made by Messrs. Stephens, Blair, Stanton, and Leiter. Debate followed on the proposal to refer the Pacific Railroad to the Select Committee of thirteen.

On Friday, 15th (the Senate not being in Session), Mr. Bocock asked the House to take up the Senate Resolution in reference to the dropped officers; but Mr. Lovejoy objected. A resolution was adopted to inquire into the circumstances of the sale of Fort Snelling. Another to send for persons and papers in reference to the charges against Judge Watrous, of Texas. Mr. Stanton moved for an investigation into the charge that the agents of the Middlesex Mills paid $87,000 to have the tariff amended by Congress. After prolonged debate, a substitute, offered by Mr. Letcher, providing for the reference of the subject to a Committee of five, with the usual powers, was passed. Mr. Harris gave notice that he would, on Monday, revive the question of Mr. Matteson's expulsion from the House. The House then adjourned to Monday.

CONFIRMATIONS BY THE SENATE.

Many of Mr. Buchanan's appointments have been confirmed by the Senate during the week. Among others may be mentioned Mr. Clifford, of Maine, as Justice of the Supreme Court in the room of Judge Curtis, resigned (the vote in this case was twenty-six to twenty-three); Reed, of Pennsylvania, as Minister to China, by twenty-eight to seventeen; John Bigler, of California, as Minister to Chili; B. F. Angel, of New York, as Minister to Sweden; Richard Kidder Meade, of Virginia, as Minister to Brazil; Colonel Pickens, of South Carolina, as Minister to Russia; Beverly Tucker, of Virginia, Consul in Liverpool; William Thompson, of New York, Consul in Southampton; John Endlich, of Pennsylvania, Consul in Basle; Charles J. Fox, of Michigan, Consul in Aspinwall; Charles W. Glantz, of Pennsylvania, Consul in Stettin; William Treville, of Ohio, Consul in Valparaiso; J. R. Diller, Consul at Bremen; Wyman B. S. Moor, Consul General for British North American provinces; Ernest Volger, of Virginia, Consul for Barcelona; Henry W. Spencer, of New York, Consul in Paris; John F. Porteous, of South Carolina, Consul for Oporto; and Judge Borden, of Indiana, Commissioner at the Sandwich Islands; John Appleton, of Maine, Assistant Secretary of State; John Bigler, of California, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Chili; Henry C. Murphy, of New York, Minister Resident to the Netherlands; James Williams, of Tennessee, Minister Resident at Constantinople; William R. Calhoun, of South Carolina, Secretary of Legation at Paris.

THE NEW INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

Considerable excitement has been created in Washington by the House resolution to appoint an Investigating Committee to inquire into the alleged payment of $87,000 by Lawrence, Stone, and Company for an amendment of the tariff. Speaker Orr is expected to make a strong Committee; among others, Stanton of Ohio, and Winter Davis of Maryland, are expected to be on it. It seems to be anticipated that Mr. Matteson will undoubtedly be expelled.

THE MINNESOTA CONSTITUTION.

A fight is brewing on the Constitution of Minnesota. Some Southern men desire to delay it, in order that Minnesota may be admitted with Oregon and Kansas; and it seems that the Governor and authorities of Minnesota, by not complying with the strict letter of the law, have afforded an opportunity for holding back the Constitution for the present. On the other hand, the Northern men insist on the immediate admission of Minnesota. Senator Douglas is believed to concur with them.

THE PAULDING AND WALKER IMBROGLIO.

Commodore Paulding has written home to say he will shortly arrive at Key West. The filibusters threaten to sue him for damages. General Walker has been spending some time in Virginia, where he has been very well received, and is now on his way to New Orleans to stand his trial. The Southern feeling seems to be unanimously in his favor. A letter has been received by Mr. Cass, inclosing a petition from one Craig, a Scotchman, and a resident of Punta Arenas, who says that Walker hired part of his premises to store his provisions, and obtained from him a loan of $500 on the security of the same; that "a number of armed men under the command of Lieutenant Girardi, of the United States Navy, landed on the petitioner's premises, and demanded delivery of all the provisions, etc., stored on account of General William Walker; that the petitioner answered that they could have them upon payment of his claims, and not till then, at the same time handing the lieutenant a note for the commander of the *Saratoga*. The officer refused to receive the note, and ordered his men to break open the store-houses, and which was done, and the petitioner was made a prisoner and kept under guard until all the goods were removed from his premises. That during the time, the petitioner was kept a prisoner by Lieutenant Girardi, the armed men under his command had full possession of the petitioner's premises, and were allowed to do and take what they pleased, helping themselves freely to liquors, and carrying away clothing and other private property of the petitioner."

The petition concludes with a request that the Government will pay him suitable indemnity.

KANSAS AFFAIRS.

Complete returns of the Kansas election of the 4th have not come to hand, but it is generally conjectured that while the State ticket elected is Democratic, the Free-State party have elected a majority of the Legislature, and given a majority of some 10,000 votes against the Lecompton Constitution. Gross frauds are said to have taken place. The Territorial Legislature met at Lecompton on 5th inst., and received Governor Denver's Message. He ascribes the bitter feeling and animosity existing in the Territory more to personal hostility than political considerations; refers to the harmonious action of the citizens of Nebraska as worthy of imitation by the people of Kansas; draws attention to the second section of the schedule of the Lecompton Constitution, advising the avoidance of Legislation until the action of Congress is ascertained—for should Kansas be admitted under that Constitution all their acts will be nullified; recommends early attention to the collection of revenue and the building of a prison; alludes to the rumor of the existence of an organization similar to the Danites of Utah, and advises action in reference thereto. Other suggestions are also made relative to amending the election laws and protecting the school lands. The Legislature then adjourned to meet again at Lawrence.

The Topeka Legislature met at Topeka on 4th, and, after receiving a message from Governor Robinson, adjourned to meet at Lawrence. Many members are also members of the Territorial Legislature.

General Calhoun had gone to Missouri, and was expected to proceed from thence to Washington.

THE UTAH EXPEDITION.

The whole of the troops sent out upon this expedition have been concentrated, and were at the date of our last accounts in winter-quarters on Black's Fork, about a mile and a quarter above Fort Bridger, with the exception of Colonel Cooke's command of dragoons, who were posted forty miles distant, on Henry's Fork, where there was some scant supply of grass for the horses. Five companies of the infantry were stationed at old Fort Bridger, and were engaged in rebuilding the works, for the purpose of protecting the provisions, and to be occupied hereafter as a permanent fort by the United States. The whole of the works, it was anticipated, would be completed by the spring. The locality is an excellent one for this object. There is an abundance of wood for fuel, and of water. The troops were all comfortably stationed in tents, with stoves, and the weather had been, luckily, very mild. They were in excellent health, and numbered some twelve or fifteen hundred—in addition to which it may be stated that there were about a thousand teamsters and other attachés of an army.

Governor Cumming had sent a proclamation to the Mormons and to Governor Brigham Young, threatening them with the pains of treason, and announcing that Chief Justice Eckel would hold a court to try them. Governor Young had sent mules with salt to Colonel Johnston, who replied that he would hang the next messenger who came on a similar errand.

STATE LEGISLATURES.

Nothing of any consequence has been done in the State Legislatures during the week. The New York Assembly has not organized, the Americans refusing to vote for either a Republican or a Democrat, unless they get some office. Resolutions directing the Virginia Delegation in Congress to vote for the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution have passed the House of Delegates; resolutions of a contrary character have been proposed in the New Jersey and other Northern Legislatures. In Indiana and Ohio the Administration has been indorsed by branches of the Legislature. The Legislature of Alabama has authorized the Governor to call a convention in case Congress refuses to admit Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution.

PERSONAL.

A writer in the Washington *States* thus sketches the first reception of the season at the President's:

"Miss Lane, in full *toilette de demi-deuil*, looked charmingly, receiving the ladies and gentlemen presented with grace and affability. She was surrounded by groups of diplomatists and officials, with ladies of her acquaintance, forming a picture more beautiful, although not so gaudy, as the sovereign she resembles—that is, before Queen Victoria became Mrs. Albert Guelph.

"A fair bride from Vermont, Mrs. C——, was decidedly the 'observed of all observers,' and merited the homage paid her beauty, 'fresh as morn.' Mrs. Senator D—— was escorted by a gallant son of Illinois, and her imperious loveliness dazzled the many who gazed with admiration. Mrs. K——, of Baltimore (who wore a toilet of blue and white decidedly more beautiful than any other there), was much admired. Mrs. S——, of Louisiana, in becoming crimson velvet; Mrs. C——, of Massachusetts, in blue; Mrs. M——, of New York, in a magnificent brocade, with other ladies whose charms seem to increase with their years, appeared to great advantage.

"Among the *demoiselles* every style of beauty was represented, and there was a great diversity of opinion as to the rival charms of the fair ones. The general verdict appeared to be in favor of M——, of Louisiana, whose unaffected manners and sylph-like charms, set off by her pleasant pink costume, were generally admired. Then there was Miss M——, of this city, Miss J——, of Philadelphia, and a legion of other beauties—blonde and brunette—with pretty little Miss H——, of New Jersey, whose flowing ringlets could not conceal her blushes at the admiration of which she was the evident object."

Mr. Fortune, who has returned to England and written a third book about China, has had an offer from the United States Government of the agency for the introduction and culture of Chinese productions within the States.

Ex-President Fillmore, according to the New York *Observer*, says of his personal habits: "I owe my uninterrupted bodily vigor to an originally strong constitution, to an education on a farm, and to life-long habits of regularity and temperance. Throughout all my public life I maintained the same regular and systematic habits of living to which I had previously been accustomed. I never allowed my usual hours for sleep to be interrupted. *The Sabbath I always kept as a day of rest.* Besides being a religious duty, it was essential to health. On commencing my Presidential career, I found that the Sabbath had frequently been employed by visitors for private interviews with the President. I determined to put an end to this custom, and ordered my door-keeper to meet all Sunday visitors with an indiscriminate refusal. While Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means in Congress, and during my entire Presidential term, my labors were always onerous, and often excessive, but I never suffered an hour of sickness through them all."

The *Christian Advocate* says that the Rev. W. H. Milburn has prepared a course of three lectures on "Christian Poetry," a topic quite unhackneyed in the lecture-room, and admirably adapted to Mr. Milburn's genius. The first lecture will be on "Epic Poetry: Dante and Milton;" the second, "Lyrics: Hymn Writers up to the Reformation;" the third, "Lyrics: Modern Hymn Writers, especially Watts and Wesley." The lecture will be delivered in the new chapel of the Methodist Episcopal Church, corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, on the evenings of Monday, January 18; Thursday, January 21; and Monday, January 25.

A Washington letter to the Philadelphia *Inquirer* says of Mr. Schoolcraft:

"Mr. Schoolcraft is now nearly 65 years of age, though he does not look over 50. This is remarkable when we remember that for many years he resided on the frontiers, or was subjected to all the discomforts and hardships of a life of adventure among the Indians, exposed to all kinds of weather, deprived of all comforts, and constantly engaged in the severest labor. Familiar with his history, I had expected to meet a trembling octogenarian; instead of which I was introduced to an apparently hale, well-preserved man of middle age. For his present robust condition he is greatly indebted to a naturally fine constitution, and to the extreme strictness of his personal habits through life. He has undergone what would have destroyed a hundred ordinary men, and looks now as though he might see the end of another half century. A local lameness on one side, caused by his early exposures, confines him habitually to his house; but he hardly regards this as an affliction, for his library is his home, and he is never so happy as when pursuing his literary labors, which, in his case, are literally labors of love.

Lord Napier proposes enlarging his establishment at Washington, in order to be able to effectively celebrate the marriage of the Princess Royal of England to Prince Frederick William, son of the Prince of Prussia, the present regent and heir-apparent.

The Jerrold "In memoriam" money—the noblest tribute of respect raised by authors to a brother author—is sufficient to secure an annuity of $600 a year for Mrs. Jerrold and her unmarried daughter, and the survivor of the two.

Mr. Wright, our new Envoy at Berlin, has distinguished himself by his temperance principles. At a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, which he gave recently in honor of Alexander von Humboldt, to which all the Americans resident in Berlin were invited, hominy and other preparations of Indian corn were provided, but no wine.

On Saturday, 9th inst., as Chief-justice Duer, of the Superior Court, was leaving the house of his associate, Judge Woodruff, No. 10, Twenty-ninth Street, he slipped on the steps and fell with such violence upon his right side as to break the thigh. He was immediately taken to his residence in a carriage, and a physician was called in, who ascertained that the fracture, fortunately, was a simple and not a compound one, whereby the process of knitting together the bone will be easier.

William Brown, Esq., brother of the Postmaster-General, was shot on Saturday week, at his residence in Giles County, Mississippi, but by whom is unknown. Mr. Brown, though wounded in the face and head, is not fatally injured, notwithstanding the assassin took two fires at him.

Bayard Taylor, the traveler, was, by last accounts, with his bride at Gotha. He writes to the editor of the *Home Journal* that he has just returned from a bridal tour to London, and was domiciled for the present at the Observatory, which is the residence of his father-in-law, the Professor of Astronomy at Gotha. His intention is to pass the coming winter in Greece, and the following summer in Russia—hoping to return to America in the autumn of 1858.

A Washington correspondent says: "After the dinner on the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans, the guests went, at past 11 o'clock, to the White House to honor the President. They evidently disturbed him from his sleep, for he appeared in a dressing-gown, and as if he had just arisen from his bed. Mr. Buchanan is an exceedingly amiable and courteous gentleman, and showed it on this occasion by getting up to address these gentlemen, who were full of supper, wine, and patriotism at that hour. He, however, naïvely remarked to them, in concluding his remarks, "that in bidding them good-night he hoped they would retire to rest, and that to-morrow all of them would be better prepared for the discharge of their respective duties." Evidently, Mr. Buchanan, while appreciating the motive and feelings of these gentlemen, manifested a little characteristic waggishness about their "going to rest and getting up refreshed for their duties."

The Ottoman Porte has ordered a screw ship-of-the-line to be constructed in the United States, and has charged Rear-Admiral Mehemmed Pacha and Hussein Bey, sub-surveyor of the dock-yards, to go to America to superintend the construction of the vessel, and to study the American system of ship-building.

Mr. Reuben Mellen, whose unaccountable disappearance from Chicago some time since caused a great deal of search and speculation, returned the other day, having been to New Orleans and California, at which latter place he was engaged in preaching. In the mean time Mrs. Mellen, having no doubt of his death, had married a printer.

The Hon. W. H. Seward, of New York, at the invitation of the Hon. John S. Pendleton, paid that gentleman a visit a few days since, the object of which was to witness a regular old-fashioned Virginia "Nigger" corn-shucking, Mr. Pendleton being desirous that Seward, from what he would see there, would be convinced that slavery in Culpepper was not as bad as represented by the anti-slavery men of the North. The frolic passed off very pleasantly indeed, and no one was more delighted than the New York Senator.

Dr. Brandreth, the pill man, who recently purchased a ruby for $250, at the sale of smuggled jewelry by the United States Marshal in this city, has been offered $1700 for the same, as it proves to be an Oriental ruby of the first water.

We regret to hear of the death, at Paris, of the *cornet-de-piston* player, Herr Kœnig. He has lately been one of the principal supporters of Jullien's concerts, and was the composer of many favorite pieces of music, including the famous "Post-horn Galop." For some years he was the senior partner in the firm of Kœnig and Pask, the musical instrument manufacturers of the Strand, London; more recently he joined the house of Chappell and Co., of Regent Street, and was connected with that firm at the time of his death. He attended the rehearsals of Jullien's orchestra at the beginning of the present season, but was overtaken by illness, and by the advice of his physicians he gave up his engagement, and repaired to Belleville, the residence of his father-in-law, near Paris, for change of air, and it was there that his death took place.

The Indians now visiting Washington must either be very fond of a joke, or very much struck with the venerable appearance of our bachelor President. Heretofore they have called the chief Executive their "great father," but Old Buck rejoices in the designation of the Red man's "Great Grandfather."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

IMPROVEMENT IN THE MONEY MARKET.

AT latest dates there was a continued growing ease in the English money market, but no reduction of the rate of interest by the Bank had taken place. The holidays had checked all kinds of business. Little or nothing had been done for several days. In the London market money was slightly easier, the current rate in the discount market being 7 @ 8 per cent. Consols closed at 94¼ @ 94⅜ for account. On the 31st ult. some little disappointment was felt that a further reduction in the rate of discount was not made by the Bank of England; but it was supposed that the measure was postponed until after the payment of the January dividends, and there was only a slight demand for money at the Bank. No new failures were announced. On the 1st inst. the demand for discount was very light.

MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

The *Court Journal* contains the following gossip:

"The Queen, the Prince Consort, and all the Royal Family will return to town on Saturday the 16th of January. The nuptials of the Princess Royal and Prince Frederick William of Prussia will take place on the Monday week following. There will be three distinct processions before the ceremony, viz., that of the Queen as sovereign, that of the bride, and that of the royal bridegroom. After the ceremony the prince and princess will proceed to Buckingham Palace, and, having exchanged their bridal habiliments for traveling costumes, will leave town for Windsor Castle. On the Wednesday after the marriage her Majesty and the Prince Consort will pay the newly-wedded Prince and Princess a congratulatory visit at Windsor Castle. The royal party, including the bride and bridegroom, will return to town on Friday, and a grand drawing-room will be held at St. James's Palace on Saturday, the 30th of January, to enable the aristocracy to pay their respects to the Prince and Princess. Two state banquets will then be given by her Majesty at Buckingham Palace, to which the Ministers, and the great functionaries of State, and the *corps diplomatique* will be invited, and a series of other entertainments will follow. The Empress is said to take especial interest in the marriage of the Princess Royal, and great talk is held concerning the wedding presents to be dispatched from the Tuileries on the occasion. We have heard of a certain vail to be worked by the religious ladies of Cambrai, which is said to be a marvel of taste and skill. The value of the piece is beyond calculation. Some idea may be formed of it when we mention that it was commenced more than five years ago, and has been on hand ever since. Two of Vernet's pictures, with Delacroix's master-piece, have already arrived at Berlin, as offerings to the youthful *ménage* on the part of the Emperor. The little statuette of the Empress kneeling on the day of her marriage at Nôtre Dame, executed in silver, is also on its way to ornament the boudoir of the young Princess at Berlin.

MR. THACKERAY ON SCHOOLS.

Mr. Thackeray lately addressed the Commercial Travelers School Society, and remarked, among other things: "Gentlemen, I wish on behalf of my own class of literary men, of which I own I am one, that we could boast of any thing so good as that of which I see the specimens in the gallery yonder. I wish we had an institution where our children could be educated, and well educated, at a moderate cost. At present our children are only educated at an awful cost; and here I am reminded of the respected, the highly respected, proprietor of 'Dotheboys Hall,' when he found from time to time the announcement that the advertiser proposed to take only a limited number of pupils. Now, I should say that he takes the limited number of pupils, not that he is in love with them, but because he desires to extract the largest amount of profit. He looks to, and thinks of the profits to be screwed out of, their unfortunate little bellies. Then why can not we, as men of letters, think whether we can not adopt such a system as this, and whether we, the men of the line, can not emulate the men of the road? Only a month ago I visited a friend of mine, who is making, perhaps, £1000 a year, and he showed me the amount for a half year for his two little boys at school. The one was born in the year 1852, the other was a year older, so that these little heroes were of the ages of six and seven years. They were certainly placed at an excellent school, and they came home with a bill amounting to £75 for the half year. Now, the poor 'Paterfamilias' has to pay his life assurance, his income-tax, and his house-tax, and no doubt, as in all such cases, he has poor relations—so perhaps has his wife, and she is obliged to supply them with millinery, and at present, of course, the enormous prices and size of ladies' dresses consume nearly one-tenth part of his income." The honorable gentleman then appealed to the gentlemen of the press, if any were present, begging them to get up a scheme which should benefit the literary classes. He need not allude to those educationary processes which distinguished this school, because they had been developed in terms of great praise last year. It appeared to him that in those schools they gave the best education which could be taught. It appeared that they taught the modern languages, mathematics, the fine arts, and music especially, of which he was sure they would soon have a specimen in the room. They prepared children for every occupation in life.

AN ATROCIOUS CASE.

People are much concerned about an atrocious case which lately came before the Exeter Assizes:

Jonathan Roose, a very young man, was tried for assaulting Jane Stone, with intent to murder her. Jane Stone is a girl of twenty. She had lived as servant with Mr. Mitchelmore, uncle of Roose, at Torquay; was seduced by Roose; and went into the service of another family. Roose wished her to father her child upon some other man—particularly his uncle, to whom the scoundrel was under great obligations. She refused. One night she was in the garden of her mistress's house with her seducer. Suddenly he threw her on the ground, beat her on the face and head with a large stone, and thrust his hand down her throat, either to stifle her cries or to suffocate her. The life of the poor creature was almost gone. She struggled as much as she could, and with a great and almost dying effort she uttered a slight scream—that little scream was heard, but not by human being except the villain. Her senses reeled, and she became unconscious.

HOW THE MURDER WAS DISCOVERED.

In her employer Mrs. Willes's house a pet dog was kept, and although human ear had not heard that faint scream, the little dog was roused. It commenced barking most violently, scratched at the drawing-room door, where the ladies were sitting, and could not be pacified. Mrs. Willes, and Mrs. Crawford, who was with her, became alarmed, and went into the garden. They called out, but received no answer; but they thought they heard the moans of some one in distress. They then went to the house of a neighbor named Hammersley, and he, with a candle, proceeded to the spot whence the moans came, and there he saw the body of a woman lying on the ground. She was making a low moaning sound. He looked at the face, but it was so beaten and bloody that he could not recognize the features. Surgeons thought that the mangled victim could not survive; but she did, and was able to confront her seducer in the court, but presenting in herself a spectacle shocking to humanity. Her head and face had the appearance of being completely bound together, or rather mashed with plasters. A surgeon who examined the poor girl when she was thought to be dying, stated: "I found her head, face, and chest covered with blood, and found eight lacerated wounds, and four fractures—two on the head, and two on the face. The bones of the nose and upper jaw were fractured; the teeth were loose—I removed them with my fingers. The lip was cut through; the ears were both lacerated. I removed a small piece of stone from the left temple, in which it was imbedded; it was of the same description as the large stone now produced."

THE TRIAL AND SENTENCE.

The case against the prisoner, so far as the assault itself was concerned, was quite clear. But his counsel urged for him that there was no murderous intent; he had acted in a sudden fit of passion; it would not have been murder even if the girl had died. The counsel finished with this astounding request: "He asked the jury to send the prisoner home to his family and to his mother, of whom he had hitherto been the pride and ornament, that, by a life of penitence and repentance, he might in some way atone for one moment of unhappy passion." Witnesses gave the accused a good character. Mr. Justice Willes instructed the jury on the law of the case, correcting the counsel. The jury convicted of "assaulting with intent to do grievous bodily harm." The Judge, after expressing his horror at the atrocity of the offender, sentenced him to penal servitude for life.

AMERICAN SYMPATHY WITH ENGLAND.

At a banquet given by the Mayor of Liverpool to the Siamese Embassadors, Mr. Beverly Tucker, the United States Consul in that town, was one of the speakers. He congratulated the assembly on the glorious news from India, and trusted that the triumph of English arms would be complete, because it was the triumph of civilization. He said he had no doubt whatever that there was an immense trade to be developed with Siam, and he felt assured that the "Star-spangled Banner" would, like the flag of Great Britain, dip in the water to the vessels of Siam approaching the great republic of America.

SURGICAL OPERATION ON AN ELEPHANT.

During the late visit to Hull of Wombwell's menagerie, the elephant "Chubby" underwent an operation which, from its novelty and success, deserves a place among surgical records. For twelve or fifteen months previously a tumor had been gathering on Chubby's off-side thigh. It grew, and grew, and grew, till at last men began to doubt whether the elephant was an appendage of the tumor, or the tumor an appendage of the elephant; for the larger grew the one the smaller grew the other. Chubby sickened, lost his appetite, pined away—his skin became "a world too wide." The sobriquet of Chubby, which his once fair proportions merited, grew to be a mockery, and it became evident that unless the tumor and Chubby dissolved partnership, the former would soon be the sole representative of the firm. Change of air was tried, but the tumor only derived advantage. Medical advice was called in; but, alas! it proved another nut which the faculty could not crack. Nine famous leeches, at nine various stations, tried their juleps and catholicons, but in vain; no one daring to have recourse to the knife with such a patient. Such was the state of matters when Chubby paid us his farewell visit, as it was supposed, last Hull fair. His friends as a last resource, applied to one of our townsmen, a veterinary surgeon, Mr. Tom B. H. Hyde, Jun. Mr. Hyde went, saw, and boldly resolved to use the lancet. The operation was performed a few days after the fair, and lasted two hours, Chubby undergoing it with such fortitude and good sense as could only be derived from a consciousness of its object. The tumor, when removed, weighed five pounds, and one of the fangs had to be searched out with the knife for a foot down the thigh. The operation proved eminently successful. Every fresh bulletin announced his improving health till the latter end of November, when Mr. Hyde pronounced his patient thoroughly restored, and capable of returning to business.

THE LOSS OF THE SARAH SANDS.

The steamer *Sarah Sands*, while conveying troops to India, took fire and burned for fifteen hours. All the after part of the ship was destroyed, and she put into Mauritius for repairs. The troops showed perfect discipline, and the preservation of all on board was extraordinary.

A letter from Captain Castle, commander of the *Sarah Sands*, is published, describing the partial destruction of the ship, and the escape of the troops and crew. The fire was discovered at 3.45 P.M. The precautions adopted have already been given. The flames burned through the upper deck, and at about 9 P.M. a fearful explosion took place in the port magazine. "By this time," says Captain Castle, "the ship was one body of flame from the stern to the main rigging; and thinking it scarcely possible to save her I called Major Brett, in command of the troops, forward, and told him my opinion, requesting him to keep order among the troops until the last, but at the same time to use every exertion to check the fire. No person can describe the manner in which the men worked to keep the fire back. One party were below keeping the bulkhead coal from burning, several of whom were dragged up senseless, when fresh volunteers took their places, but who soon in turn again had to be dragged up in the same state. At 11 P.M. the main-topsail yard took fire. Mr. Welsh, quarter-master, and four or five soldiers, went aft with wet blankets, and succeeded in extinguishing the flames there, but not until the yard and mast were nearly burned through. About midnight we appeared to have made some impression on the fire, and after that drove it back inch by inch until daylight, when it had been completely got under. The ship now appeared in a fearful plight, merely the shell remaining. The port quarter was blown out by the explosion, fifteen feet of water was in the hold, and the ship was rolling heavily and taking in large quantities of water aft."

FRANCE.

THE LOST STEAMSHIP PACIFIC.

Some time since the papers published an account of the discovery of a bottle, which had floated ashore on the coast of France, containing a paper purporting to have been written by a passenger on board the Collins steamship *Pacific*, just as she was going down. This story was supposed to be a hoax. The editor of the Norwalk (Connecticut) *Gazette*, believing that the paper was written by Legrand Smith, of Norwalk, a passenger on the steamer, wrote at once to a friend in Paris, Dr. Evans, to make inquiries about the affair, and especially the handwriting of the note found. By the *Africa* an answer was received, in which Dr. Evans says:

"I was on a professional visit to the Empress the other day; and in conversation mentioned the subject, in which she became most intensely interested. The Emperor entering at the time, the Empress said, 'My dear, Dr. Evans has been telling me of the possibility of ascertaining the fate of the *Pacific*;' then repeating what I had said regarding the receipt of your letter, etc. The Emperor, who is a man of noble heart, at once entered into the details of the subject. Upon my relating it to him he said it interested him exceedingly, and he would immediately send for the scrip of paper. He being a very prompt man, and full of kindly feeling, did so, and sent me, directed by himself and sealed with his own private stamp, the said paper, which I now have in my possession, and which is acknowledged by all who have seen it to be an American's handwriting. It is *hastily written in pencil.*

"Now I wish to obtain through you his own handwriting, to compare with what I have, as of course I can not send you the original, but will have a *fac simile* taken, if possible, to send you."

HE SAVED HIS GOLD.

Highway robberies are becoming nearly as frequent in the south of France as they are in Spain and Italy. The stage-coach which runs between Nice and Marseilles was stopped on Tuesday night last between Draguignan and Lorgues by four men armed with muskets. They first summoned the guard to deliver up two sacks of silver, which they knew were loaded on the top of the coach. One of the gang then approached the coach door, and in very polite terms assured the passengers that they need feel no alarm, as his comrades would be satisfied with carrying off the silver. The guard attempted to make resistance, but being overpowered, he yielded, and the robbers fled with the treasure, leaving the passengers, one of whom had 8000 francs in gold with him, delighted at their fortunate escape. Having arrived at Lorgues, the guard made a declaration of the facts to the commander of the gendarmerie in that place, who sent a detachment in pursuit of the robbers.

THE COUNTESS DE MORNY.

The Paris correspondent of the *Court Journal* says:

"The house was crowded to suffocation, the imperial box *alone* being unoccupied. The Count and Countess de Morny were present; and for the first time the Paris public were admitted to judgment on the charms which have been so much vaunted in the north and east of Europe. The result of the examination is not wholly in confirmation of the wide-spread fame which these charms have acquired. The Countess's beauty is decidedly of the *petit genre*—soft and *not* commanding—the great peculiarity of the style being the *very* dark eyes and *very* fair hair. This contrast gives a singularity to the countenance to which we 'men of the West' are totally unaccustomed. The youthful Countess was most simply attired, with no ornament whatever in her *coiffeure*, which consisted entirely of the plaits, torsades, and ringlets of her own magnificent hair. Great disappointment was experienced in consequence, as the contemplation of the splendid jewels, said to have been bestowed by the Emperor on her wedding, might be reckoned for a large share in the curiosity with which her presence was greeted. Much has been said of the dazzling whiteness of the lady's pearly teeth; but on the evening in question no opportunity was afforded for their display, as she did not once open her lips to utter a single word during the whole evening."

THE WEATHER IN FRANCE.

A Paris paper says: "The mildness of the season has caused some alarm among persons who imagine that a white Christmas is absolutely necessary for agricultural purposes. But up to the present time nothing can have been more favorable to the farmer than the weather which has taken place, as it has afforded all, even the most tardy, ample time to get through their out-of-door work. Several years are noted in chronicle for the lateness of their winter. In 1684 the frost did not set in until the end of January, but it became so severe that for several weeks carriages circulated on the Seine, and at last a fair was held there, with dancing, feasting, and all kinds of sports. In 1758 it did not begin to freeze at Antwerp until the 24th February, but in return, on the 15th March, foot-passengers and horsemen circulated over the whole surface of the Scheldt. In 1829 the cold did not commence until the month of January, but at the end of February carriages passed over the Seine at Bercy. The severity of the winter did not, however, in any way affect the next year's vintage, 1830 having been remarkable for the excellence of its wine."

RELIGIOUS CRINOLINE.

A new *Journal des Modes* is announced to be forthcoming in Paris, edited by the Abbé Magnat. This pious person is a professor of botany, and has an idea that piety and petticoats have an affinity. He thinks it wrong that the fashions should be abandoned to profane writers, and his new weekly *Le Parterre des Dames et Demoiselles* is quite a flowery announcement. Crochet work, embroidery, floral patterns, and all the remote paraphernalia of the sex this gallant Abbé undertakes to discuss learnedly and tastefully. But as he is supposed to ignore stays and the more recondite muslin of the fair, he has taken into partnership "la Vicomtesse B——," who is some adventurous milliner in disguise. It comes out under the patronage of some good Bishops and several "convents of the strictest propriety," according to the prospectus. A morning journal begs to suggest to Abbé Magnat the obvious improvement of calling his paper *La Crinoline Religieuse*. Our Quaker friends have now a precedent for starting their journal of the fashions, with appropriate colored prints in drab.

HAS A MEDICAL MAN A RIGHT TO REFUSE TO ATTEND A PATIENT?

The Court of Appeal of Paris has just decided a case which has excited much interest in the medical profession. Some time back a physician of Senlis, named Robouam, was condemned by the tribunal of that place to 1500 francs damages for having refused to attend by night a woman in her confinement, and who, it was alleged, had expired for want of medical aid. That decision produced so great an emotion in the medical world that a meeting of the members of the Faculty of Paris was held, Baron Dubois in the chair, and an opinion was adopted by the persons present in favor of Dr. Robouam. The Court of Appeal, after having perused the document so drawn up, and examined fully every circumstance of the case, has now given a decision contrary to that of the preceding judges, and has laid it down as law that a medical man has a right, on his own moral responsibility, to refuse his services. As to the special case brought before them, they have discharged Dr. Robouam from the payment of damages, nothing in the evidence, in their opinion, having proved that the patient had expired from want of medical assistance.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

The little Prince Imperial, who takes daily drives up the Champs Elysées and in the Bois de Boulogne, in a carriage, escorted by a posse of Lancers, excites great interest among his future subjects—especially among the fairer portion. He is excessively active, and is only just beginning to talk. He understands all that is said to him, whether in French or English. He is beginning to learn to ride on a donkey, and has already acquired something of a seat. His great favorites are a young English servant and a large Newfoundland dog.

AMERICAN THIEVES IN PARIS.

Two well-dressed men of gentlemanly manners went a few days since to the shop of M. Leroy, jeweler, in the Palais Royal, and after representing, through an interpreter, that they were Americans, proceeded to select various objects of considerable value, which they directed to be placed aside for them to the next day when they said they would come and pay for them. They then purchased a silver tooth-pick, and some other petty articles, for which they laid down the price and left. Leroy, on arranging the cases which the strangers had examined, perceived that several valuable articles had been abstracted. Before he had recovered from his astonishment, the interpreter came in, and claimed the allowance which Parisian tradesmen are accustomed to make to men of his calling who take them good customers, but Leroy, not doubting that the man, who is an Englishman, was an accomplice of the thieves, had him arrested and taken before the commissary of police. To the commissary, however, the Englishman proved that he was perfectly innocent; and, in fact, his going to claim his percentage showed him to be so, and he was released. On inquiry, it appeared that the two Americans had robbed several other jewelers, among them M. Bury, Boulevard des Italiens, of a very valuable diamond ring. Three or four days after the robbery of Leroy the police read in a London newspaper an account of the arrest at Southampton of two suspected thieves, just arrived from France, and having in their possession a quantity of jewelry. The description given of a diamond ring found on them left little doubt that it was that which had been stolen from Bury. The police of Paris in consequence made a communication to the English police, and the latter had the two men sent to Paris.

RUSSIA.

OFFICIAL CORRUPTION.

The following anecdote gives some idea of the corruption which not long since prevailed, and probably still prevails, in the official world of Warsaw: "About twelve years ago M. Rosengold, a Jewish tradesman, made known to the higher authorities that the State was systematically robbed by certain employés. In order that the matter might not become public Rosengold was seized and thrown into prison, where he remained until the amnesty was granted at the coronation of the present Emperor. On his liberation the unfortunate man lost no time in laying his case before the new authorities, and they soon satisfied themselves that he had been infamously treated. By a special ukase the Emperor Alexander has made public the man's innocence, and given orders that certain civic distinctions shall be conferred upon him.

ITALY.

A ROMAN SCHUYLER.

A letter in the *Independente* of Turin affords a glimpse of the magnificence of the Marquis Campana, recently arrested at Rome on a charge of embezzling the funds of the Monte de Pietà:

"He possesses, in the street of the Corso, an elegant palace, where he has got together a gallery of the most magnificent pictures; and in his villa near the Lateran he established a museum—inferior, perhaps, only to that of the Vatican, so rich is it in statues, bas-reliefs, inscriptions, Etruscan vases, and other most precious things. He has, moreover, a rare collection of stones, minerals, coins, etc. He owns lands, palaces, and country houses in great number, both in Rome and abroad. He has established, at immense expense, a manufactory of marbles, or rather of a substance similar to marble, with which are made statues, columns, cups, and pavement of all kinds. In this manufactory nearly three hundred workmen were employed. Finally, he maintained, at his expense, a house of education for poor children. His fortune was increased by his marriage with an extremely rich English lady—Miss Rowoles [Bowles], daughter of the lady who received in her carriage the fugitive from the fortress of Ham and conveyed him into Belgium. Napoleon did not forget the service—he did not lose sight of the family, but protected it greatly, and the Marchioness Campana became Lady of Honor to the Empress of the French. It is said that she is preparing to set out for France to state her griefs to the Emperor and ask his protection for her husband. The Marquis is Chevalier of numerous orders and Chamberlain of many Courts."

INDIA.

THE LATEST NEWS.

The following is a summary of the latest news: The news of the relief of Lucknow is confirmed. The enemy fought desperately. The rebels had not evacuated Lucknow. Sir Colin Campbell asks for a reinforcement, although his force is computed at 12,000, in fine order. The women and children and the sick were conveyed safely to Cawnpore. The fighting before Lucknow was very severe. On the 16th the enemy suffered enormously. The fight on that day was one of the severest ever witnessed. On the 19th the enemy were flying in great numbers from Lucknow, and the firing had nearly ceased. After the fight the bodies of 150 Sepoys were counted in one place. The latest accounts are not very intelligible. Two telegraph clerks had been murdered near Alumbagh, the news being thereby stopped. When Sir Colin Campbell left Cawnpore, on the 11th, he rode forty miles at a stretch. In his engagement he relied upon the artillery as much as possible, thereby avoiding an unnecessary loss of men. Nena Sahib, with all his men and baggage, had joined the rebels. The Gwalior contingent was at Callipee—divided counsels, it was stated, being the cause of their inaction. It was reported that the King of Delhi's son and two nephews, after being tried by military commissioners, had been shot. The London *Daily News* says that the rebels of Oude have placed a boy upon the throne, and keep him in state at Fyzabad, a city of 100,000 inhabitants, which is defended by a large fort, with a wall, and ditch, and round towers, and new intrenchments.

THE GREAT FIGHT AT LUCKNOW.

The Bombay correspondent of the London *Times* writes:

"Joining the main body (which had been collecting opposite Lucknow for some days). Sir Colin Campbell moved on toward the Alumbagh on Thursday the 12th. A little skirmishing took place, and a fort called Jellalabad, lying off the road, a short distance to the right, was taken and blown up. The Alumbagh attained, communications were opened with Sir J. Outram and Sir H. Havelock, at the Residency. Of the operations that ensued it is not easy to give an account that will be intelligible without the aid of a plan of the city. To reach the Residency by the direct road from Cawnpore the whole breadth of the city has to be traversed. It was desirable, therefore, to approach it, if possible, by a circuitous route, turning the city either on the right or the left. To the right, or east side, such a proceeding appeared practicable. There, between the suburb and the River Goomtee (on which the north side of the city rests) was a comparatively open space, between which and the Residency were no continuous streets or lines of buildings, but only some mosques, palaces, and other edifices and inclosures, capable, indeed, of being strongly held, but offering still less danger to an attacking force than the deep, narrow lanes of the centre of the city. Accordingly it was by this quarter that the Commander-in-Chief determined to advance upon the Residency.

THREE DAYS' WORK.

"On Sunday, the 15th, on leaving the main road at the Alumbagh, he marched across the country to his right till he came to the house and park of Dilkhoosha (Heart's Delight), abutting upon the canal, which forms the southern, as the Goomtee does the northern, boundary of the city. This inclosure, with that of the neighboring Martiniere College (founded by the eccentric old French adventurer, General Claude Martin), was carried by Sir Colin after a running fight of two hours. Later in the day the enemy, whom this flank movement may have taken by surprise, came across the canal and attacked us in force. After a struggle of an hour they were severely repulsed, and fell back over the canal. The open space of which I have spoken now lay just in front of our troops, with only the canal between it and them. An advanced picket at once cleared and occupied a position on the farther side of this barrier, and the operations of the day, during which the English loss in officers had been Lieutenants Mayne, of the Quartermaster-General's Department, and Wheatcroft, of the Carabineers, came to an end. On the following morning the Commander-in-chief took his whole force across the canal, and marched across the open space in his front straight upon Secunderbagh, the first in order of the inclosures to which I have alluded as covering the Residency in this quarter, and which was occupied in force. After a desperate struggle, in which the enemy 'suffered enormously,' this position was carried. Then a heavy cannonade was kept up for three hours on what the telegram, as printed, calls the 'Samuch,' and which I take to be either the barracks or one of the buildings lying directly, by the plan, between Secunderbagh and the mess-house; perhaps one of the Mahals, or palaces. 'It was carried at dusk, after one of the severest fights ever witnessed.' Next morning, the 17th, the mess-house, which is described as a very strong position, became the object of a heavy cannonade, which continued for several hours, till, at three in the afternoon, it was taken at the point of the bayonet. Thence the troops pushed on rapidly, till, before nightfall, they had occupied the Motee Mahal, a palace of the former reigning family, situated—like the Residency—on the river, and only a little way lower down. Here the Commander-in-chief was met by Outram and Havelock, who came out of their intrenchments to greet him, and the primary object of his expedition was attained. During these two days his loss in officers was six killed and thirteen wounded.

THE RESIDENCY ABANDONED?

"What was the loss of men we do not yet know. Nor have we as yet any accounts of what took place on the 18th and 19th, saving that on the latter day the enemy were flying from the city in great numbers, and that the firing had nearly ceased. On the 20th the women and the wounded were sent to the rear, and, if I interpret the telegram aright, which says, 'the garrison removed,' the Residency was abandoned. The same telegram then proceeds thus, 'On the 21st (loss?) severe. Two electric telegraph assistants were murdered near Alumbagh, further news thus being stopped.' The first of these two clauses I do not understand. The latter probably relates an atrocity of the rebels flying from the city. It is our latest news at present."

HOW THE PRINCES OF DELHI ARE TREATED.

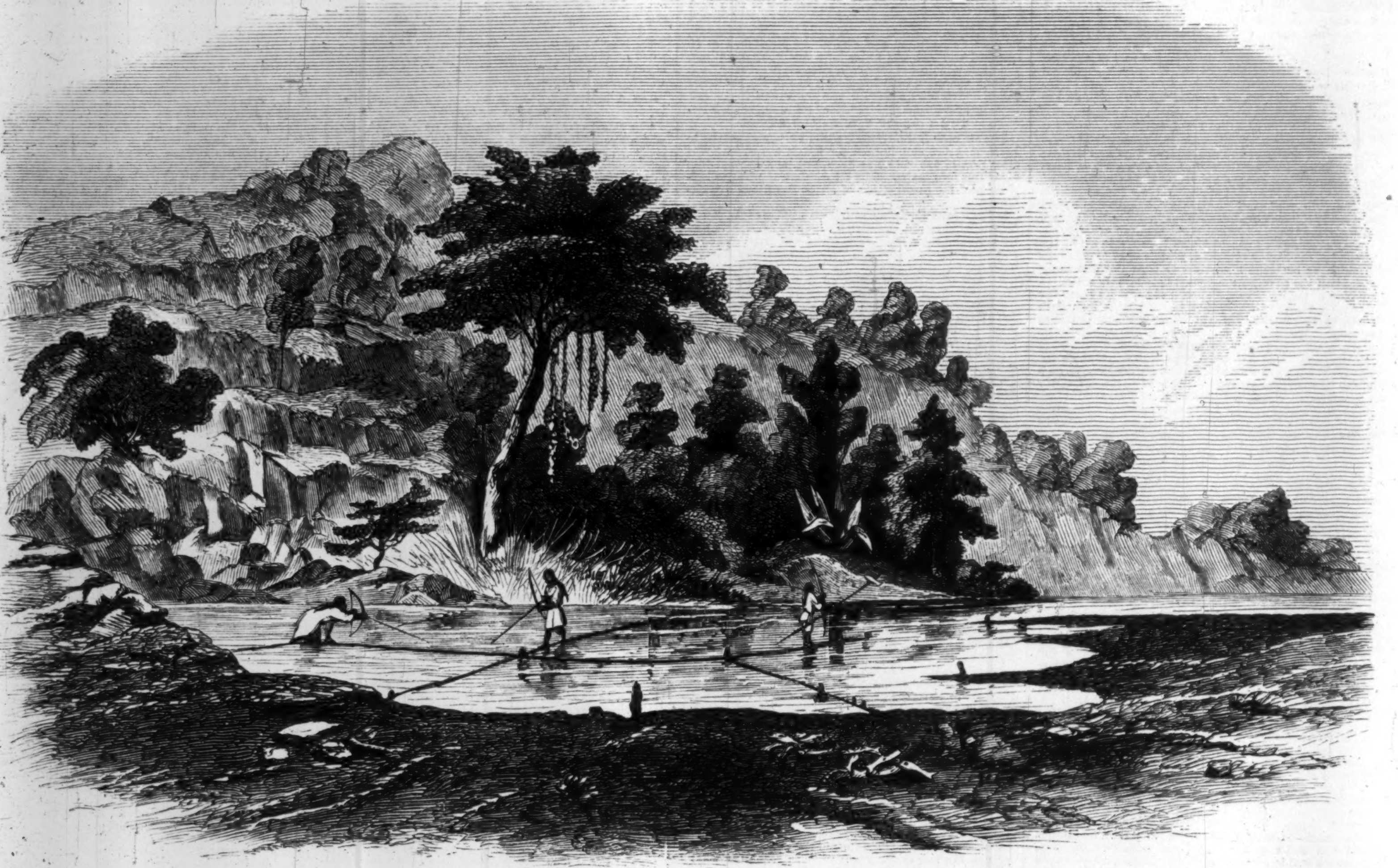
A charge brought against Colonel Hogge, with reference to his public appearance in Delhi with the son of the King of Delhi, has produced the following letter from him, addressed to the *Lahore Chronicle*:

"Although I do not notice statements made by anonymous correspondents in newspapers, yet, as you have given my name in one of the editorials of your paper of the 14th November, as one of the officers who had been seen riding with one of the sons of the King on an elephant through the streets of Delhi, I send you for publication the following statement of the facts, leaving the truth of your charge of 'lacqueying the King's son about the streets of Delhi' to the judgment of your readers, especially of those who know me. Having been asked to accompany the commissioner on a visit to the King, I went, along with several officers, one of them holding high official rank in the army, to the house where he was confined. Before leaving, Jumma Bukt, a son of the King, apparently a lad of fifteen or sixteen years of age, asked the commissioner if he might be permitted to go out occasionally for an airing along with any gentleman who would take him, and as I was in the habit of going out every evening on an elephant, the commissioner asked if I should mind occasionally calling for him. I replied that if there were no other objections, I would do so, and as both the commissioner and the officers before alluded to appeared to think there could be none, I consented to call for him, and, accordingly, on two occasions, I took Jumma Bukt out; the first time, having nothing but a pad on the elephant, and being rather afraid that he might try and escape, I put him in front to prevent him slipping off; the second time, having a 'charjamah,' I sat in front, though I must say I considered it a matter of very little moment which seat I occupied. As to parading through the streets of the city, the first time I went out through the Cashmere gate to Ludlow Castle, and home when it was quite dusk through the Lahore gate and Chandnee Chowk; the second time I passed up the Chandnee Chowk, and returned by the Lall Khoa street, having been induced to go there by Jumma Bukt expressing a wish to show me the house he lived in. Without entering into the question of his guilt or innocence, but presuming that, if guilty, he would never have been allowed to accompany a British officer in public, I can only say that I found him a very intelligent lad. He gave me a good deal of information about the mutineers, their leaders, and their plans; and had I remained longer at Delhi I should probably have taken him out oftener; but having returned to Meerut on the 26th of October, I had no further opportunity."

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL HAVELOCK.

At the annual meeting of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, the Chairman told an anecdote connected with the loss of one of their ships. The *Erin* was lost in the Chinese seas. On board that ship—a passenger in private clothes—was Colonel (now General) Havelock. When the vessel struck, between twelve and one o'clock in the morning, half a gale of wind was blowing. Colonel Havelock sprung upon the deck, and seeing some confusion, said, in that sharp military tone that always arrests attention, "Men, be steady, and all may be saved; but if we have confusion, all may be lost. Obey your orders, and think of nothing else." They did so, and behaved in the most excellent manner. Next day all the lives on board were saved, together with the specie and the mails. On the shore, immediately afterward, Colonel Havelock mustered the men, and said, "Now, my men, let us return thanks to Almighty God for the great mercy He has vouchsafed to us." They all knelt down; he uttered a short prayer of thanksgiving; and as his (the Chairman's) informant, who was one of the officers of the ship, told him, the Colonel then rose up and walked away as coolly as if nothing had happened.

LIEUTENANT GIBBON'S EXPLORATIONS OF THE VALLEY OF THE AMAZON.

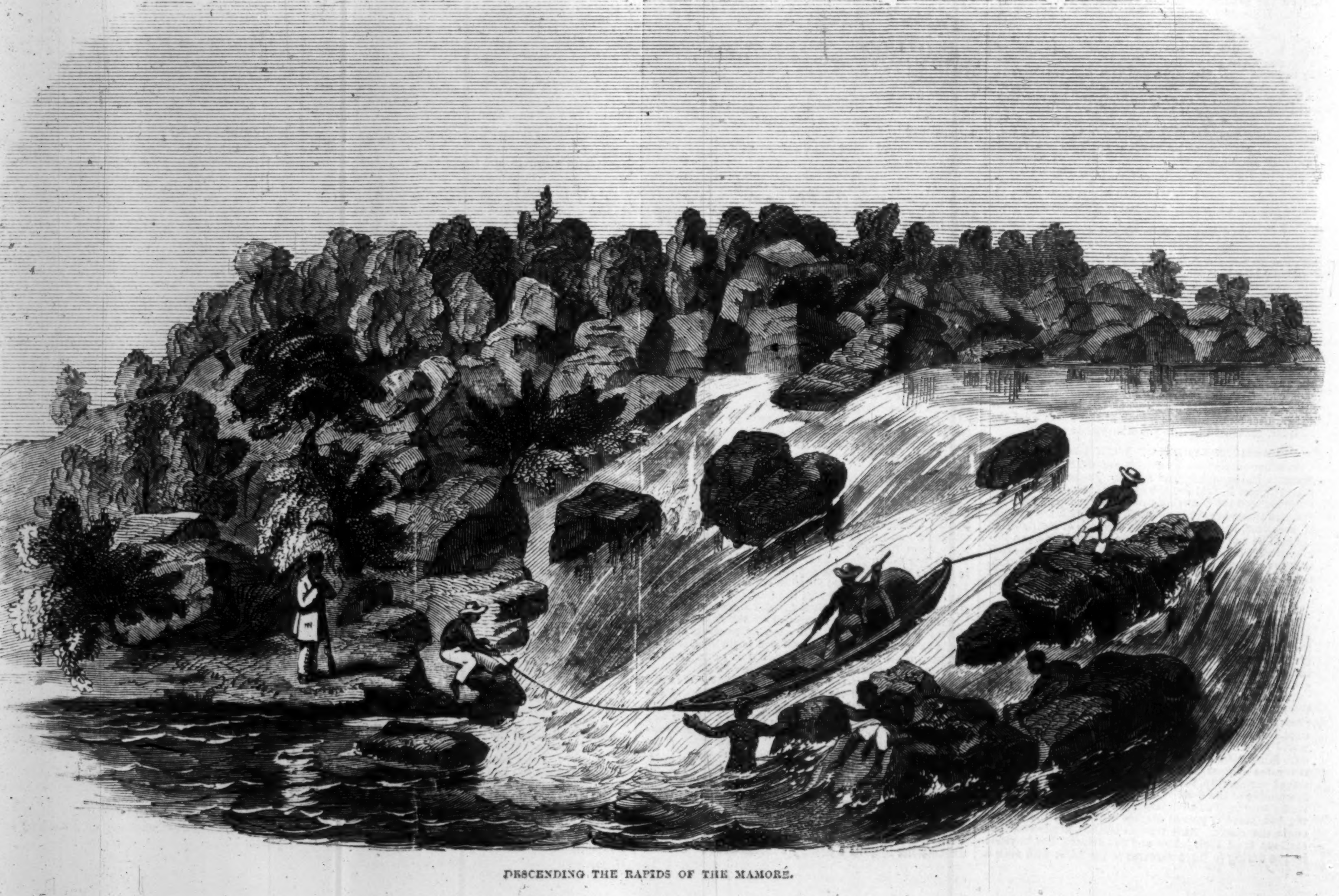


INDIANS FISHING ON THE CHAPARÉ.

On the 9th of July, 1851, in the small Peruvian town of Tarma, situated between the Andes range of mountains on the east and the lofty Cordillera chain on the west, two gallant officers of the American navy bade each other adieu. They had traveled together from Lima across the Cordillera, and now separated—the one, the late lamented Lieutenant Herndon, to explore the head-waters and main trunk of the Amazon; the other, Lieutenant Gibbon, to explore the Bolivian tributaries of the same mighty stream. As we have already given a brief outline of Lieutenant Herndon's narrative, we propose, in the present sketch, to follow the fortunes and personal adventure of Lieutenant Gibbon, in his travels through Southern Peru and Bolivia to the sources of the Madeira, and thence, along the course of that tributary, to where it pours its waters into the parent Amazon.

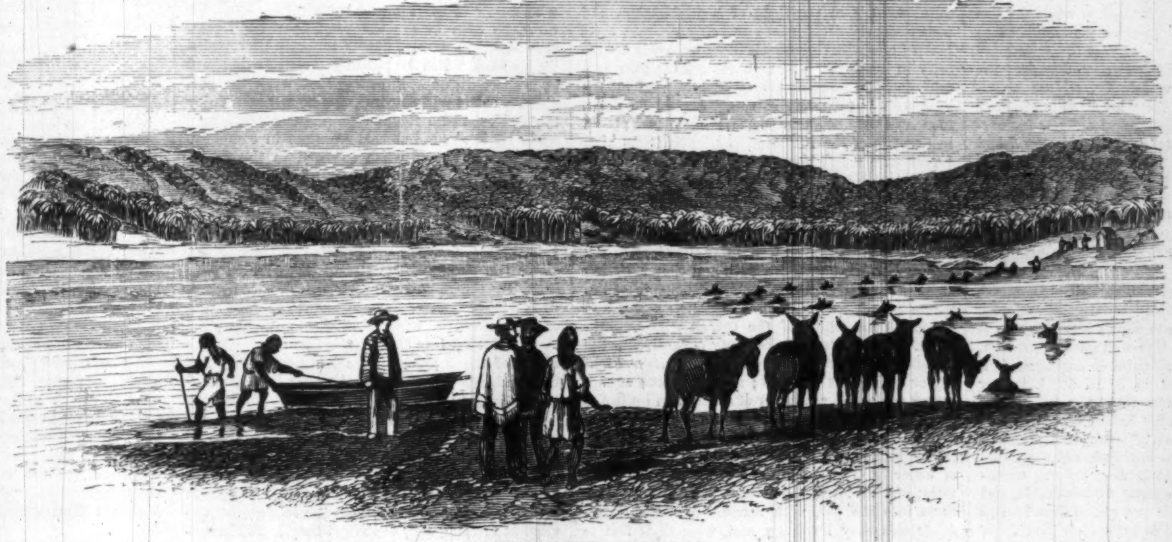
The southeasterly route selected by Lieutenant Gibbon leads him, at the outset, through a valley thickly populated with Quinchua Indians, past Juaja, to the town of Huancavelica, and the famous mountain of Cinnebar.

The mountain of Cinnebar, which rises almost from the midst of Huancavelica, contains the celebrated quicksilver mine of Santa Barbara. Lieutenant Gibbon gives an interesting account of his visit to this mine. "Climbing up the mountain," he says, "we arrive at a door-way, fifteen feet high and twelve wide, carved in sandstone. The entrance on the southwest side of the peak is like a railroad tunnel. Eternal glaciers guard this door-way. Icicles hang overhead, and sheets of ice are spread under our feet. Sooty-faced, rough-looking Indians trundle wheel-barrows loaded with quicksilver ore. We entered this dark hole about 600 feet below the top of the mountain. I presently heard a dreadful crash, which, I was informed, was the upper part of the mine falling in. A hollow sound was followed by a splash in the deep waters somewhere below; then came, suddenly, a strong smell of sulphuret of arsenic. A little further on I saw a pair of eyes through the darkness; they belonged to a little Indian boy standing on the side of the mine with a load of ore on his back. He had entered through a narrow passage, called 'Take off your horns,' on his hands and knees, and had raised a choking dust. After refreshing ourselves at a spring of water of 50° temperature, we passed into a plaza, where the market women sell to those men who seldom leave the mines. On one side of this plaza, by holding the torches over our heads we

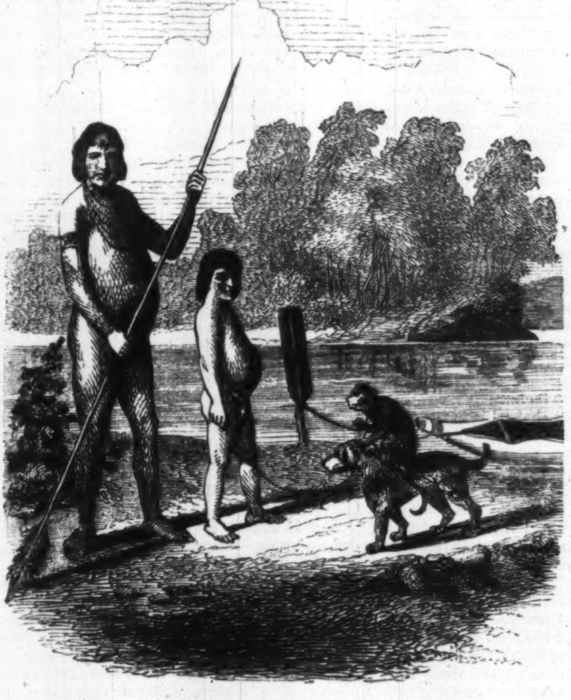


DESCENDING THE RAPIDS OF THE MAMORÉ.

see a beautiful bridge, and, beyond it, a stairway, leading into utter darkness; on the other side a lake—the opposite shore not in sight, though the sound of a hammer floats over its smooth water. As we move along, among red, brick-colored columns, which support the great weight overhead, we see a dim torch by the side of a workman, seated with his hammer and chisel, cutting away and honeycombing the Andes. We were now about half-way through. Our guide here announced that we had taken the wrong road, and must go back some distance. After bumping our heads, and walking doubled up in a most tiresome position, with great want of fresh air, we finally stood up in the San Rosario Church, which is rotundo-shaped, with a height of 100 feet to the ceiling. The laboring Indian, who seldom leaves these dark regions, attends when the church-bell calls, and offers up prayer for protection from the dangers of the mine. After a walk of two hours we come into the fresh air on the north side of the mountain."


FORDING A RIVER IN BOLIVIA.

The Cinnebar is so narrowly separated by layers of sandstone that the peak of this hill may almost be called a solid mass of quicksilver ore. There are usually about one hundred and twenty Indian men, women, and boys employed in extracting the metal. Those who cut out the ore work very much as they please—that is, they cut without compass—which makes it dangerous for people inside when the proper supports are thus destroyed by the ignorant Indian. The ore is carried out at both sides of the peak in bags of raw hide, slung over the backs of boys. It is then wheeled to the furnaces, where men break it up into bits, and women make small cakes of the dust. These cakes are laid in the bottom of a large iron grate, sufficiently open to allow heat to pass, and over them the ore is filled in to the depth of three feet. A fire of coarse mountain grass is made underneath, and a strong draught carries the vapor from the heated cinnabar through a retort of earthen pipes, slipped one into the other, to a distance of five or six feet, where it condenses, and the quicksilver lodges in the floor. As soon as the ore becomes well heated, which generally occupies eight or ten hours, the doors of the furnace are closed, and for three or four hours the distillation continues. After this the quicksilver is swept into pots, washed in water, and dried, when it is ready for the market, and is sold at Huancavelica for one dollar the pound. It is sent off in all directions to the silver mines of Peru. The mine here is owned by the Government, and leased to a company, who keep secret its annual yield.


INDIANS OF THE MADEIRA.

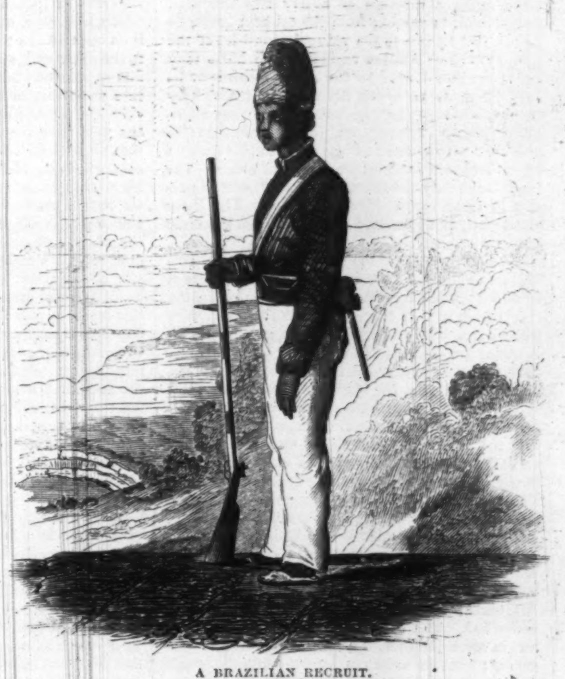
From Huancavelica to Huanta, a town of some two thousand inhabitants, and situated in a rich and fertile valley, due east; then to Ayacucho, and thence across the Apurimac to Cuzco, which towns were fully described in Nos. 8 and 9 of *Harper's Weekly;* thence to Puno, Lake Titicaca, and La Paz, the commercial metropolis of the republic.

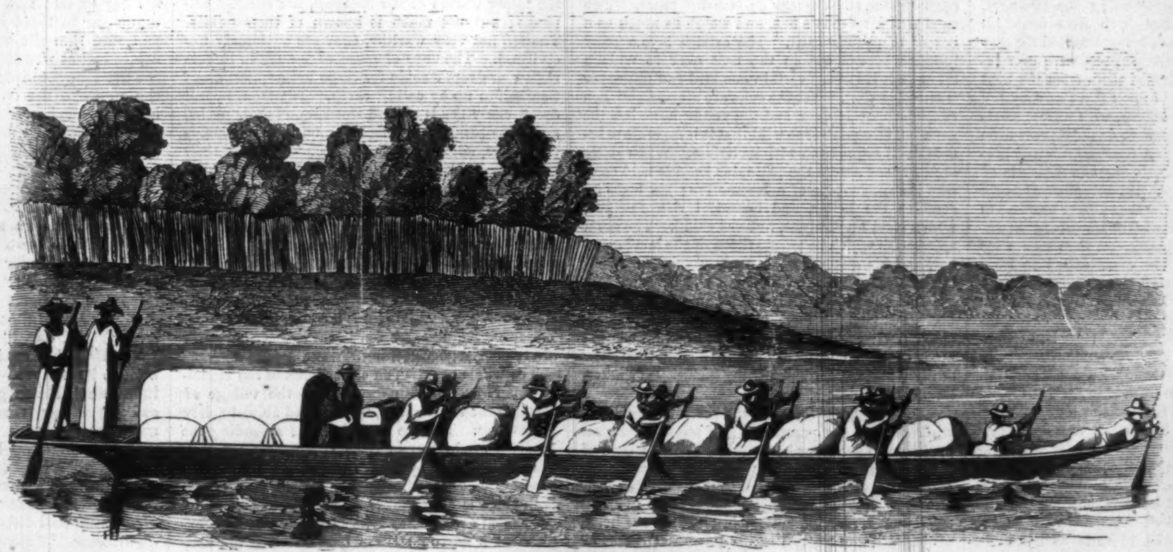
The departments of Oruro and Potosi, lying to the southeast of La Paz, long since famed for their mineral wealth, have lost their reputation, from a failure to supply the great demands upon their resources. The city of Oruro, that once contained a population of 38,000, exclusive of Indians, has now only a total of 5687. Near the town there are twelve hundred and fifteen abandoned silver mines, and not less than two hundred gold mines, most of which contain water. Potosi, which lies between Oruro and the Argentine Confederation, once excited the envy of the world. In the Cerro de Potosi the silver ore was found rising from the top of the peak, and the vein was then followed below the water-line, at which point it was given up and a new one sought. Now the people are burrowing at the base of the peak, striving to strike the vein where it was left in its richness. But this is an expensive business, and some have abandoned the plan with heavy losses, after an unsuccessful entrance into the very core of the mountain. In the Cerro de Potosi and neighborhood there are twenty-six silver mines worked and eighteen hundred standing idle. Besides these, the Government accounts show that in the Provinces of Porco, Chayanta, Chicas, and Lepiz, there exist three thousand and eighty-nine silver mines which have been abandoned, and only sixty-five that are actually worked. There is a mint at Potosi, where the miner finds a ready market for silver and gold. It received and coined, in the year 1849, one million six hundred and twenty-one thousand five hundred and thirty-six dollars in silver, and eleven thousand nine hundred and eighty-four dollars in gold.

To the east of La Paz lies the department of Cochabamba, the capital of which bears the same name and contains a population of 30,396 souls. The city has a fine appearance—the houses being well built and neatly painted. As in La Paz, the chief article of trade here is the Cinchona bark. The streets of Cochabamba are laid out at right angles, and are always thronged with a busy people. On the south side of the main plaza stands a large cathedral, and opposite to it the palace occupies the whole side of the block. It is a remarkably handsome building, and much superior to the palace in Lima. In the centre of the plaza stands a fountain, fed by water from a snow peak on the ridge in sight. One would judge, from the appearance of the houses and stores, that, for an inland town, there was considerable wealth in Cochabamba. Its climate is genial and pleasant, but there are sudden changes in the weather which render it necessary to be careful in dress.

The truly tropical climate of Bolivia—hot and moist—is only to be found in the department of Santa Cruz, to the southeast of Cochabamba. Here cotton, rice, sugar, vanilla, and indigo are produced. It must not, however, be supposed that a very extensive trade is carried on with the department of Santa Cruz, though a most dense population is found on its western border. When we look at the list of productions in that region of the country, we are struck with the independence of its inhabitants upon all external trade. A breakfast-table in Santa Cruz, constructed of beautiful cedar wood, is described as covered with white cotton cloth, silver plates and dishes, with silver cups, forks, and spoons; coffee, sugar, cream, butter, corn, and wheat bread, mutton, eggs, and oranges—all produced in the province. Beef is found on the pampa, game in the woods, and fish in the rivers. Potatoes and all the garden vegetables are raised upon the plantations. The arm-chair of the Creole is made of the ornamental caoba or mahogany tree. His eight guests may be seated, each one in a different species of mahogany. His Indian servants gather grapes, make wine, collect the tropical fruits and tobacco. The climate is such that horses roam about all the year, and there is no expense for stabling the animals. No barns are necessary for the protection of the master's harvests during a hard winter. His house may be as open as a shed. What little thin clothing and bedding his family require are supplied by the soil, and are worked into fine cloth by the hands of Indians, who spin, weave, and sew. Silver he cares little about, except for table use, and gold ounces are melted into crosses and ear-rings for the Indian girls. The inhabitants of Santa Cruz are hence the most indolent people in the world; for within its hospitable climate few men exert themselves beyond what is absolutely necessary.

A sketch of the daily life of a family in Santa Cruz will further illustrate the genial independence of the people. Very early in the morning the Creole, getting out of bed, throws himself into a hamac; his wife stretches herself upon a bench near by, while the children are seated, with their legs under them, on the chairs—all in their night-dresses. The Indian servant girl now enters with a cup of chocolate for each member of the family. After this, she brings some coals of fire on a silver dish, and the wife lights a cigar for her husband, and then one for herself. Some time is spent in reclining, chatting, and regaling, after which the man slowly pulls on his cotton trowsers, woolen coat, and leather shoes, and walks to some near neighbors with whom he again drinks chocolate and smokes a cigar. At mid-day a small, low table is set in the middle of the room and the family go to breakfast. The wife sits next her husband, the children next her, and the dogs form a ring behind. Chupe and potatoes, with large pieces of meat, compose the first dish. The man helps himself, and throws his bones straight across the table to the dogs—the children dodging to give them a free passage. Following the paternal example, the children throw their bones, and the mother dodges to avoid a concussion. The dogs are now fighting, in the midst of which the second dish appears with small pieces of beef without bones. Next comes a dish with finely chopped beef; then beef soup, vegetables, and fruits; finally, coffee or chocolate. After breakfast the man pulls off his trowsers and coat and lies down in the hamac. His wife lights him a cigar, and, having lit her own,


A BRAZILIAN RECRUIT.


DESCENDING THE MADEIRA.

finds her way back to bed. The dogs jump upon the chairs, for the fleas bite them on the ground, and the Indian girl, closing both doors and windows, takes the children out to play, while the rest of the family sleep. At 2 o'clock P.M. the church-bell rings to inform the world that the priests are at prayer. The man rises, yawns and gapes; the dogs get down, and, whiningly, stretch themselves; the wife shouts for "fire," with which to light a cigar for her husband and another for herself. At dinner, which takes place between 3 and 5 o'clock, the same food appears on the table as at breakfast, and the same interesting ceremonies are performed. After this meal, a horse is brought into the house by an Indian servant. The master puts on a large pair of silver spurs, and mounting, rides out of the front door to the opposite residence. Halting there, he takes off his hat and calls out, "*Buenas tardis señoritas.*" The ladies appear at the door—they are generally beautiful—smile bewitchingly, and while one lights a cigar for the cavalier, another mixes him a glass of lemonade. He touches his hat and rides off to another neighbor, where the same scene is repeated. After spending the afternoon in this way he returns home, gives his horse to his Indian servant, flings off his clothes, and throws himself into his hamac. Chocolate and cigars are repeated, and the evenings are sometimes spent in dancing and merriment. The people are extremely hospitable, and immediately offer a hamac and cup of chocolate to the stranger who chances to enter their home. If a traveler is enjoying the hospitality of a family, no alteration is made in the mode of living, except, perhaps, that the dogs and horses are kept out of the house, and there is less dodging of bones.

The produce of these rich Bolivian provinces are now exported to the Pacific coast, and thence to the four quarters of the world; but in a few years—or possibly in a shorter time—this course of trade will be altogether changed. Recent explorations have proved that, by tributaries of the Paraguay and the La Plata, the heart of Bolivia can be reached from the Atlantic Ocean; and the results of Lieutenant Gibbon's expedition point out another communication with the sea through the tributaries of the Madeira and the Amazon.

Lieutenant Gibbon has now completed his overland journey. He has traveled from Lima, on the same mule, a distance of nearly two thousand miles; and, in parting from the faithful beast, he pays a just tribute to the valuable qualities of the animal in these Andean regions. The horse may be driven into danger by the rider—with spur he may be made to break his neck over a rickety mountain bridge; but the mule will not cross a dangerous place. You may whip him, but in vain; he will even turn round and bite; and in this shows a higher order of intelligence than the horse. The mule is the only animal valuable as a beast of burden in these mountainous countries. The horse would fall, or be worried to death, where the mule passes with ease.

Vinchuta would be the eastern commercial emporium of Bolivia if foreign manufactures, instead of being carried over the mountains, came up the rivers from the Atlantic. After the cotton goods, glass-ware, and cutlery of Europe and North America are disembarked at Cobija, on the Pacific, they are brought over the Cordillera, through the desert of Alacamà, the barren plains of Oruro, and then over the Andes. After traversing these terrible roads for more than eight hundred miles, all that part of the cargo not ruined by such a journey on the backs of mules arrives at Vinchuta, the most important commercial port this country possesses. There is very little trading going on here, because the outlet, on the one hand, is such as described, and because the people seem to be ignorant of the advantages offered to them of a communication with the Atlantic direct.

Not far from Vinchuta is Coni Creek, where Lieutenant Gibbon and his company of Indians embarked. The current of Coni Creek is rapid, and in some places navigation is difficult and dangerous; but the canoe soon emerges into the broader waters of the Chaparé, one of the highest confluents of the Mamoré and the Madeira. At this point the lofty Andes are left behind, and have become almost indistinguishable in the distance.

Small-pox is very prevalent in this region, and commits frightful ravages among the savages. The disease was brought hither by the Indians of the low country, who in turn had it from Brazil, and finally bore it up the mountain side into the city of Cochabamba. The unfortunate victim who is seized with the disease, if one of a canoe party, is generally left by his comrades to die on the beach. Gibbon, while descending the Chaparé, found three men who had been thus deserted. The poor creatures had been lying exposed for seventeen days with the small-pox, but were now recovered. A few canes shaded them from the heat of the sun, but rain beat in upon them as they lay helpless on beds of green leaves, with no one to attend to them. A knife was their only protection against the savage tiger. A fourth, who was also abandoned, had, one night, during the delirium of fever, rushed into the river. His companions heard a splash, but they never saw the sufferer more. On another occasion Lieutenant Gibbon passed an Indian slung up in a hammock, between two poles stuck in a mud bank. The crew called to him, and saw the hammock move, which was the only sign that the wretched victim was alive. He had been left there with the small-pox by a canoe ascending the Chaparé. The flooded river had reached the under part of the hammock, and the hot sun was shining over it. When, with a natural impulse, Lieutenant Gibbon wanted to see what could be done for the man, the Indians shook their heads, and pulled rapidly by. The first symptoms of this loathsome disease are fever, with pain in the back, which lasts three days; then the breaking out commences, with inflamed lips. At the end of six days the disease has attained its height, when the case of life or death is decided. After six days more the patient begins to bathe, if he is well enough. This is the course the distemper takes when the sufferer lies out in the woods, without medical aid or shelter from the weather. The Indians are at a loss for a remedy for the small-pox. They generally accept it in the light of a punishment, and wait patiently till it passes away.

An Indian boat's crew on these waters is a curiosity in its way. The men elect their own captain, and the most active, energetic, and intelligent man is generally chosen. Should he prove incapable or misbehave, he is broken, and placed in the seat of the paddle-man selected over him. Every man obeys his orders, and is particular in his mode of addressing the captain. His mate, or rather a second captain, helps to steer the canoe, and encourages the men to keep good time with their paddles by stamping his foot. The captain only stamps his foot on particular occasions, when the crew work unusually well, and they exerting their whole strength when he speaks to them. These captains do little but steer the canoe and attend to the wants of the person who employs them. Every man does his duty according to the usages of the service. They all take turns at cooking or baling out the boat; and while one or two secure the canoe, a number of others run up to the woods, bring fuel for a fire, and cut cane for a house. After their patron is properly attended to the Indians gather round the fire, over which a pot of water is properly hung. They then skin the yuca, and dividing them into small pieces, pitch them into the pot, with morsels of salted meat. After this they lie down, and, with their feet to the hot ashes, and heads covered with an extra shirt, take a nap. One, as cook, stays awake to attend to the boiling pot. When the meal is ready they start up, and each man partakes of the repast by forming his fingers into the shape of a spoon, and dipping into the caldron. During supper they talk, joke, and sing in the most lively manner. At night they are extremely watchful, and can scarcely be taken by surprise. At daylight they begin at their paddles, and work best in the mornings and in the evenings.

The Chaparé widens as it approaches the Mamoré. Alligators are seen here in great numbers, and are sometimes lassoed by the Indians, as the following incident goes to show: One of these monsters was seen by Lieutenant Gibbon's party, in a mud beach, with his head on the surface of the water. An Indian at once prepared for action—took a hide rope, and after making a noose, hung it on the end of a pole, and wound the rope round to the other end, so that he could grasp both pole and rope in one hand. He now lowered himself into the river, in which he could walk with his chin just out of water. The noose was carried by the pole near the surface, and the Indian slowly moved toward the alligator, who seemed to be somewhat doubtful of results. After a while, the beast disappeared, and from the motion of the water it was evident that he was swimming away. Presently the alligator's head again appeared above the water, and nearly in the same place. The Indian moved steadily and slowly toward the monster of the river, and slipping the noose over its head, dragged him to the beach. The animal in this instance was not caught, for the noose being improperly fastened, he succeeded in getting it between his teeth, severing the rope easily, and swimming away. But this is the only method by which the Indians can catch an alligator, for arrows will not enter the scales which, indeed, have been often known to turn a well-aimed rifle-ball. The alligators of this region are small. Some portions of the animal—those near the back-bone—are eaten by the Indians, who also make buttons, beads, fancy birds, etc., of the teeth.

After a couple of days' travel from the junction of the Chaparé with the Mamoré, the town of Trinidad is approached. On either bank of the river are stretched extensive pampas, which have the appearance of cleared lands hedged in by the line of forest trees. The Indians of this district are known as Mojos. The dress of both men and women is the same, and it may be that out of this fact grew the legend of an Amazonian race of women, defending their country with bows and arrows. Even these weapons are seldom carried except on long voyages. Nothing is known of fire-arms. The Mojos Indians are civil, quiet, and peaceable, and seldom quarrel among themselves. They are treated worse than slaves by their Spanish masters.

The region of which we are now speaking is an inviting one to the zoologist. The different habits of the bird kind, from the ostrich to the most delicately-shaped humming-bird, may be observed with the greatest interest. The ostrich lays its eggs in the thick grass on the dry plain. Two eggs will fill a man's hat, and weigh as much as a couple of pounds each. The ostrich lays a great number, spread out in the nest over so wide a space that it is very certain one bird can not cover them all sitting. Yet the eggs are all broken when the hatching is over and the young have left the nest. The ostrich is so wild that it is difficult to become well acquainted with its habits. When going at full speed across the plain, his head is held erect like the smoke-pipe of a locomotive; his body resembles the boiler, and beautiful rich feathers, which start up straight, flutter behind. The great speed with which he passes through the level country, and his general appearance, remind one very much of a distant locomotive as it runs without any train attached. The Indians never hunt these birds, but pay them great deference. Some tribes originally worshiped them. It is estimated that in this region there are over a thousand varieties of night and day birds, with any quantity of snakes, lizards, and insects.

Tigers abound in great numbers, and attack the wild cattle of the pampas. The animal crouches in the grass awaiting his prey, and when a herd of bulls chance to pass, he will leap upon one, and, catching him by the ear, fasten his fore-claws securely in the neck, and his hind-claws to the fore-shoulder. His head is then just behind the horns of the bull, and his tail hangs down by the side of the fore-leg. In this position the tiger commences to cut into the great vessels of the neck, while the bull runs through the pampa, his head high up in the air, bellowing with pain. Unless the herd, who follow to help, gather round and attack the tiger, he soon brings the prey upon his knees. The suffering animal bleeds to death surrounded by his kind, while the panting tiger prowls about at a short distance, knowing that when the bull dies the cattle will disperse, and he can then enjoy the feast. These tigers sometimes attack a man when he is alone, but seldom when in company. Few persons escape when engaged in the death-struggle with him. The Indians usually go in a body, or take dogs, who attract the animal's attention and prevent his seeking an engagement with the man.

The tapir, or Brazil elk, is found on these plains, along the banks of the river. It is called *gran bestia* by the Spaniards. Its color is iron gray, with a short coat of coarse hair. The formation of this animal in some respects is curious. The hoof is divided into three parts like toes. On the inside of the fore-foot there is a fourth toe; and the hind-legs double up at the joint like those of the llama and elephant. The strength of the tapir is very great. He is sometimes lassoed by the Indians, who take care, however, to have the end of the lasso fastened to the saddle, for the animal will manage three or four horsemen with ease. He can only be effectually taken by ball or arrow. Though the tapir is harmless, the Indians are excited at meeting one, as though they feared the animal's strength.

The trade of Trinidad is extremely limited from the fact that, instead of seeking communication with the Atlantic by the Madeira River, the people obtain their goods from the Pacific coast, at immense cost and trouble, and export their products by the same circuitous route. The time occupied in the transportation of goods would alone debar the trader from reaping a reasonable profit in his business. To ascertain whether the rivers which rose in this section of Bolivia and emptied into the Amazon were navigable, was one of the chief objects of Lieutenant Gibbon's exploration. At Trinidad he was informed that the canoe in which he had traveled from Vinchuta was not fitted for the route down the Madeira. Nor were the Bolivian Indians sufficiently experienced to navigate that stream, for in many places most dangerous rapids and waterfalls would have to be encountered. Fortunately, Lieutenant Gibbon had made the acquaintance of a Brazilian trader who, with his two boats and complement of negroes, was about to return to the Amazon. In one of these he secured a passage, and once more floated on the Mamoré.

After passing Exaltacion and the Brazilian Forte do Principe, at the mouth of the Itenez, the great Madeira tributary is approached. The difficulty of navigation from cascades and rapids is here increased, and, in some places, it becomes necessary to make a portage. The first falls encountered—the Guajará-merio—would be passable even for small steamboats; but they are no sooner cleared than the head of another and steeper rapid, called Guajará-assa, is reached. Here the navigation of the Mamoré is completely obstructed, and a boat must be hauled, for three hundred yards, over the rocks and through the small channels, down an inclined shelf of about twelve feet fall. The main channel is in the middle of the river, with waves rolled up five feet high by the swiftness of the current. Next are the Bananeira, a fall of some twenty feet, which takes its name from quantities of wild banana-trees formerly discovered in the vicinity. Five miles further on are the Pau Grande Rapids, with a fall of fifteen feet in one hundred yards; and two miles below them are the Lajeus rapids. Three miles beyond Lajeus is the mouth of the Beni River; and at this point we arrive at the extreme northeast corner of Bolivia, and the head of the Madeira tributary.

The succession of falls at the head of the Madeira render the navigation of that river wholly impossible. Lieutenant Gibbon passed them with much difficulty after twelve days' exhausting efforts by himself and crew. The most terrible are the Teotoru, where the fall is over fifteen feet, ten of which are at an angle of forty-five degrees. The boat here was placed upon rollers, transported four hundred yards over a hill, and then launched into the river below. After this, the last and most perilous of seventeen cataracts, the navigation is not again interrupted. There are, it is true, the Rapids of San Antonio, five miles lower down; but they can be passed without disembarking the baggage.

The Indians, who inhabit the Brazilian side of the upper waters of the Madeira, are called Caripunas; but not much is known of their habits. Though not very warlike, they are extremely uncivilized. The boys of some of the tribes in this region are remarkable for large bellies, and swell themselves up by eating earth. The men, in full dress, carry beads of hard wood round their necks, and have bands bound tight round the arms above the elbow, and round the ankles. All wear their hair long, and cut square off in front. In large holes in their ears they carry pieces of bone or a stick of wood, and through a hole in the nose a quill is pushed, and, the cavity being filled up with different-colored feathers, gives them a mustached appearance. These people are nearly all of the same height and figure, but differ much in the features of the face. Some have thick lips, flat noses, and round faces, while others have just the reverse. The former are very ugly, but a few of the latter are tolerably good-looking.

The whole country, on either bank of the Madeira, from the Bolivian territory to the village of Borda, near the Amazon, is inhabited almost solely by savages. But the Brazilians are ascending the Madeira gradually, in their southwestward emigration, and the Spaniards are on their northeast descent to meet the Brazilians. The movement on both sides is slow, but the white man is crowding close upon each flank of the savage, who now occupies but a narrow strip of land between the emigrants from Spain and Portugal.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER X.

"'Is there a heart that never loved
Nor felt soft woman's sigh?"

If there be such a heart, it is not in the breast of a Pocket-Cannibal. Your true Man-eater is usually of an amorous temperament: he can be indeed sufficiently fond of a lady to eat her up. Mr. Losely makes the acquaintance of a widow. For farther particulars inquire within.

THE dignified serenity of Gloucester Place, Portman Square, is agitated by the intrusion of a new inhabitant. A house in that favored locality, which had for several months maintained "the solemn stillness and the dread repose" which appertain to dwellings that are to be let upon lease, unfurnished, suddenly started into that exuberant and aggressive life which irritates the nerves of its peaceful neighbors. The bills have been removed from the windows—the walls have been cleaned down and pointed—the street-door repainted a lively green—workmen have gone in and out. The observant ladies (single ones) in the house opposite, discover, by the help of a telescope, that the drawing-rooms have been new papered, canary-colored ground—festoon borders, and that the mouldings of the shutters have been gilt. Gilt shutters! that looks ominous of an ostentatious and party-giving tenant.

Then carts full of furniture have stopped at the door—carpets, tables, chairs, beds, wardrobes—all seemingly new, and in no inelegant taste, have been disgorged into the hall. It has been noticed, too, that every day a lady of slight figure and genteel habiliments has come, seemingly to inspect progress—evidently the new tenant. Sometimes she comes alone; sometimes with a dark-eyed handsome lad, probably her son. Who can she be? what is she? what is her name? her history? has she a right to settle in Gloucester Place, Portman Square? The detective police of London is not peculiarly vigilant; but its defects are supplied by the voluntary efforts of unmarried ladies. The new-comer was a widow; her husband had been in the army; of good family; but a *mauvais sujet*; she had been left in straitened circumstances with an only son. It was supposed that she had unexpectedly come into a fortune—on the strength of which she had removed from Pimlico into Gloucester Place. At length—the preparations completed—one Monday afternoon the widow, accompanied by her son, came to settle. The next day a footman in genteel livery (brown and orange) appeared at the door. Then, for the rest of the week, the baker and butcher called regularly. On the following Sunday the lady and her son appeared at church.

No reader will be at a loss to discover in the new tenant of No. — Gloucester Place, the widowed mother of Lionel Haughton. The letter for that lady which Darrell had intrusted to his young cousin, had, in complimentary and cordial language, claimed the right to provide for her comfortable and honorable subsistence; and announced that, henceforth, £800 a year would be placed quarterly to her account at Mr. Darrell's banker, and that an additional sum of £1200 was already there deposited in her name, in order to enable her to furnish any residence to which she might be inclined to remove. Mrs. Haughton, therewith, had removed to Gloucester Place.

She is seated by the window in her front drawing-room—surveying with proud though grateful heart the elegancies by which she is surrounded. A very winning countenance—lively eyes, that in themselves may be over-quick and petulant, but their expression is chastened by a gentle kindly mouth; and over the whole face, the attitude, the air, even the dress itself, is diffused the unmistakable simplicity of a sincere, natural character. No doubt Mrs. Haughton has her tempers, and her vanities, and her little harmless feminine weaknesses; but you could not help feeling in her presence that you were with an affectionate, warm-hearted, honest, good woman. She might not have the refinements of tone and manner which stamp the high-bred gentlewoman of convention; she might evince the deficiencies of an imperfect third-rate education; but she was saved from vulgarity by a certain undefinable grace of person and music of voice—even when she said or did things that well-bred people do not say or do; and there was an engaging intelligence in those quick hazel eyes that made you sure that she was sensible, even when she uttered what was silly.

Mrs. Haughton turned from the interior of the room to the open window. She is on the look-out for her son, who has gone to call on Colonel Morley, and who ought to be returned by this time. She begins to get a little fidgety—somewhat cross. While thus standing and thus watchful, there comes thundering down the street a high-stepping horse—bay, with white legs—it whirls on a cabriolet—blue, with vermilion wheels—two hands, in yellow kid gloves, are just seen under the hood. Mrs. Haughton suddenly blushes and draws in her head. Too late! the cabriolet has stopped—a gentleman leans forward, takes off his hat, bows respectfully. "Dear, dear!" murmurs Mrs. Haughton, "I do think he is going to call; some people are born to be tempted—my temptations have been immense! He is getting out—he knocks—I can't say, now, that I am not at home—very awkward! I wish Lionel were here! What does he mean—neglecting his own mother, and leaving her a prey to tempters?"

While the footman is responding to the smart knock of the visitor, we will explain how Mrs. Haughton had incurred that gentleman's acquaintance. In one of her walks to her new house while it was in the hands of the decorators, her mind being much absorbed in the consideration whether her drawing-room curtains should be chintz or tabouret—just as she was crossing the street, she was all but run over by a gentleman's cabriolet. The horse was hard-mouthed, going at full speed. The driver pulled up just in time; but the wheel grazed her dress, and though she ran back instinctively, yet, when she was safe on the pavement, the fright overpowered her nerves, and she clung to the street-post almost fainting. Two or three passers-by humanely gathered round her; and the driver, looking back, and muttering to himself—"Not bad looking—neatly dressed—lady-like—French shawl—may have tin—worth while perhaps!" gallantly descended and hastened to offer apologies, with a respectful hope that she was not injured.

Mrs. Haughton answered somewhat tartly, but being one of those good-hearted women who, apt to be rude, are extremely sorry for it the moment afterward, she wished to repair any hurt to his feelings occasioned by her first impulse; and, when, renewing his excuses, he offered his arm over the crossing, she did not like to refuse. On gaining the side of the way on which her house was situated, she had recovered sufficiently to blush for having accepted such familiar assistance from a perfect stranger, and somewhat to falter in returning thanks for his politeness.

Our gentleman, whose estimate of his attractions was not humble, ascribed the blushing cheek and faltering voice to the natural effect produced by his appearance; and he himself admiring very much a handsome bracelet on her wrist, which he deemed a favorable prognostic of "tin," he watched her to her door, and sent his groom in the course of the evening to make discreet inquiries in the neighborhood. The result of the inquiries induced him to resolve upon prosecuting the acquaintance thus begun. He contrived to learn the hours at which Mrs. Haughton usually visited the house, and to pass by Gloucester Place at the very nick of time. His bow was recognizing, respectful, interrogative—a bow that asked "how much farther?" But Mrs. Haughton's bow respondent seemed to declare "not at all!" The stranger did not adventure more that day; but a day or two afterward he came again into Gloucester Place on foot. On that occasion Mrs. Haughton was with her son, and the gentleman would not seem to perceive her. The next day he returned, she was then alone, and just as she gained her door he advanced—"I beg you ten thousand pardons, madam; but if I am rightly informed, I have the honor to address Mrs. Charles Haughton!"

The lady bowed in surprise.

"Ah, madam, your lamented husband was one of my most particular friends."

"You don't say so!" cried Mrs. Haughton, and looking more attentively at the stranger. There was in his dress and appearance something that she thought very stylish—a particular friend of Charles Haughton's was sure to be stylish—to be a man of the first water. And she loved the poor Captain's memory—her heart warmed to any "particular friend of his."

"Yes," resumed the gentleman, noting the advantage he had gained, "though I was considerably his junior, we were great cronies—excuse that familiar expression—in the Hussars together—"

"The Captain was not in the Hussars, Sir; he was in the Guards."

"Of course he was; but I was saying in the Hussars, together with the Guards, there were some very fine fellows—very fine—he was one of them. I could not resist paying my respects to the widowed lady of so fine a fellow. I know it is a liberty, ma'am, but 'tis my way. People who know me well—and I have a large acquaintance—are kind enough to excuse my way. And to think that villainous horse, which I had just bought out of Lord Bolton's stud—(200 guineas, ma'am, and cheap)—should have nearly taken the life of Charles Haughton's lovely relict. If any body else had been driving that brute, I shudder to think what might have been the consequences; but I have a wrist of iron. Strength is a vulgar qualification—very vulgar—but when it saves a lady from perishing, how can one be ashamed of it? But I am detaining you. Your own house, Mrs. Haughton?"

"Yes, Sir, I have just taken it, but the workmen have not finished. I am not yet settled here."

"Charming situation! My friend left a son, I believe? In the army already?"

"No, Sir; but he wishes it very much."

"Mr. Darrell, I think, could gratify that wish."

"What! you know Mr. Darrell, that most excellent, generous man? All we have we owe to him."

The gentleman abruptly turned aside—wisely—for his expression of face at that praise might have startled Mrs. Haughton.

"Yes, I knew him once. He has had many a fee out of my family. Goodish lawyer—cleverish man—and rich as a Jew. I should like to see my old friend's son, ma'am. He must be monstrous handsome with such parents!"

"Oh, Sir, very like his father. I shall be proud to present him to you."

"Ma'am, I thank you. I will have the honor to call—"

And thus is explained how Jasper Losely has knocked at Mrs. Haughton's door—has walked up her stairs—has seated himself in her drawing-room, and is now edging his chair somewhat nearer to her, and throwing into his voice and looks a degree of admiration, which has been sincerely kindled by the aspect of her elegant apartments.

Jessica Haughton was not one of those women, if such there be, who do not know when a gentleman is making up to them. She knew perfectly well, that, with a very little encouragement, her visitor would declare himself a suitor. Nor, to speak truth, was she quite insensible to his handsome person, nor quite unmoved by his flatteries. She had her weak points, and vanity was one of them. Nor conceived she, poor lady, the slightest suspicion that Jasper Losely was not a personage whose attentions might flatter any woman. Though he had not even announced a name, but, pushing aside the footman, had sauntered in with as familiar an ease as if he had been a first cousin; though he had not uttered a syllable that could define his station, or attest his boasted friendship with the dear defunct, still Mrs. Haughton implicitly believed that she was with one of those gay Chiefs of *Ton* who had glittered round her Charlie in the earlier morning of his life, ere he had sold out of the Guards, and brought himself out of jail; a lord, or an honorable at least, and was even (I shudder to say) revolving in her mind whether it might not be an excellent thing for her dear Lionel if she could prevail on herself to procure for him the prop and guidance of a distinguished and brilliant father-in-law—rich, noble, evidently good-natured, sensible, attractive. Oh! but the temptation was growing more and more IMMENSE! when suddenly the door opened, and in sprang Lionel, crying out, "Mother, dear, the Colonel has come with me on purpose to—"

He stopped short, staring hard at Jasper Losely. That gentleman advanced a few steps, extending his hand, but came to an abrupt halt on seeing Colonel Morley's figure now filling up the door-way. Not that he feared recognition—the Colonel did not know him by sight, but he knew by sight the Colonel. In his own younger day, when lolling over the rails of Rotten Row, he had enviously noted the leaders of fashion pass by, and Colonel Morley had not escaped his observation. Colonel Morley, indeed, was one of those men who by name and repute are sure to be known to all who, like Jasper Losely in his youth, would fain know something about that gaudy, babbling, and remorseless world which, like the sun, either vivifies or corrupts, according to the properties of the object on which it shines. Strange to say, it was the mere sight of the real fine gentleman that made the mock fine gentleman shrink and collapse. Though Jasper Losely knew himself to be still called a magnificent man—one of royal Nature's Life-guardsmen—though confident that from top to toe his habiliments could defy the criticism of the strictest martinet in polite costume, no sooner did that figure—by no means handsome, and clad in garments innocent of buckram, but guilty of wrinkles—appear on the threshold than Jasper Losely felt small and shabby, as if he had been suddenly reduced to five feet two, and had bought his coat out of an old clothesman's bag.

Without appearing even to see Mr. Losely, the Colonel, in his turn, as he glided past him toward Mrs. Haughton, had, with what is proverbially called the corner of the eye, taken the whole of that impostor's superb *personnel* into calm survey, had read him through and through, and decided on these two points without the slightest hesitation—"a lady-killer and a sharper."

Quick as breathing had been the effect thus severally produced on Mrs. Haughton's visitors, which it has cost so many words to describe, so quick that the Colonel, without any apparent pause of dialogue, has already taken up the sentence Lionel left uncompleted, and says, as he bows over Mrs. Haughton's hand, "Come on purpose to claim acquaintance with an old friend's widow, a young friend's mother."

MRS. HAUGHTON. "I am sure, Colonel Morley, I am very much flattered. And you, too, knew the poor dear Captain; 'tis so pleasant to think that his old friends come round us now. This gentleman, also, was a particular friend of dear Charles's."

The Colonel had somewhat small eyes, which moved with habitual slowness. He lifted those eyes, let them drop upon Jasper (who still stood in the middle of the room, with one hand still half-extended toward Lionel), and letting the eyes rest there while he spoke, repeated,

"Particular friend of Charles Haughton's—the only one of his particular friends whom I never had the honor to see before."

Jasper who, whatever his deficiency in other virtues, certainly did not lack courage, made a strong effort at self-possession, and without replying to the Colonel, whose remark had not been directly addressed to himself, said, in his most rollicking tone—"Yes, Mrs. Haughton, Charles was my particular friend, but"—lifting his eye-glass—"but this gentleman was," dropping the eye-glass negligently, "not in our set, I suppose." Then advancing to Lionel, and seizing his hand, "I must introduce myself—the image of your father, I declare! I was saying to Mrs. Haughton how much I should like to see you—proposing to her, just as you came in, that we should go to the play together. Oh, ma'am, you may trust him to me safely. Young men should see LIFE." Here Jasper tipped Lionel one of those knowing winks with which he was accustomed to delight and insnare the young friends of Mr. Poole, and hurried on: "But in an innocent way, ma'am, such as mothers would approve. We'll fix an evening for it, when I have the honor to call again. Good-morning, Mrs. Haughton. Your hand again, Sir (to Lionel).—Ah, we shall be great friends, I guess! You must let me take you out in my cab—teach you to handle the ribbons, eh? 'Gad my old friend Charles *was* a whip. Ha! ha! Good-day, good-day!"

Not a muscle had moved in the Colonel's face during Mr. Losely's jovial monologue. But when Jasper had bowed himself out, Mrs. Haughton courtesying and ringing the bell for the footman to open the street-door, the man of the world (and, as man of the world, Colonel Morley was consummate) again raised those small, slow eyes—this time toward *her* face—and dropped the words—

"My old friend's particular friend is—not bad-looking, Mrs. Haughton!"

"And so lively and pleasant," returned Mrs. Haughton, with a slight rise of color, but no other sign of embarrassment. "It may be a nice acquaintance for Lionel."

"Mother!" cried that ungrateful boy, "you are not speaking seriously. I think the man is odious. If he were not my father's friend, I should say he was—"

"What, Lionel?" asked the Colonel, blandly—"was what?"

"Snobbish, Sir."

"Lionel, how dare you!" exclaimed Mrs. Haughton. "What vulgar words boys do pick up at school, Colonel Morley!"

"We must be careful that they do not pick up worse than words when they leave school, my dear madam. You will forgive me, but Mr. Darrell has so expressly—of course, with your permission—commended this young gentleman to my responsible care and guidance—so openly confided to me his views and intentions, that perhaps you would do me the very great favor not to force upon him, against his own wishes, the acquaintance of—that very good-looking person."

Mrs. Haughton pouted, but kept down her rising temper. The Colonel began to awe her.

"By-the-by," continued the man of the world, "may I inquire the name of my old friend's particular friend?"

"His name—upon my word I really don't know it. Perhaps he left his card—ring the bell, Lionel."

"You don't know his name, yet you know *him*, ma'am, and would allow your son to see LIFE under his auspices! I beg you ten thousand pardons; but even ladies the most cautious, mothers the most watchful, are exposed to—"

"Immense temptations—that is—to—to—"

"I understand perfectly, my dear Mrs. Haughton."

The footman appeared. "Did that gentleman leave a card?"

"No, ma'am."

"Did not you ask his name when he entered?"

"Yes, ma'am, but he said he would announce himself."

When the footman had withdrawn, Mrs. Haughton exclaimed, piteously, "I have been to blame, Colonel—I see it. But Lionel will tell you how I came to know the gentleman—the gentleman who nearly run over me, Lionel, and then spoke so kindly about your dear father."

"Oh, that is the person! I supposed so," cried Lionel, kissing his mother, who was inclined to burst into tears. "I can explain it all now, Colonel Morley. Any one who says a kind word about my father warms my mother's heart to him at once. Is it not so, mother dear?"

"And long be it so," said Colonel Morley, with graceful earnestness; "and may such be my passport to your confidence, Mrs. Haughton. Charles was my old school-fellow—a little boy when I and Darrell were in the sixth form; and pardon me if I add that if that gentleman were ever Charles Haughton's particular friend, he could scarcely have been a very wise one. For, unless his appearance greatly belie his years, he must have been little more than a boy when Charles Haughton left Lionel fatherless."

Here, in the delicacy of tact, seeing that Mrs. Haughton looked ashamed of the subject, and seemed aware of her imprudence, the Colonel rose, with a request—cheerfully granted—that Lionel might be allowed to come to breakfast with him the next morning.

THE EBONY BOX.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST NUMBER.]

"WHEN Alice had listened to my account of the adventure of Faro Bill and his companion with the casket, she explained the story of the apparition by confessing that on several occasions, at intervals of a month, she had walked in her sleep, and wakened to find herself at a distance from the bed, or even in another room. She had concealed her knowledge of this habit from me to avoid giving me needless anxiety.

"It must have been three weeks or more after our interview with Faro Bill when W——d sent word to me that the burglar had called upon him, and gave information that he had discovered the hiding-place of Black Jack; that the wallet taken from the sailor was still in possession of the latter; but would not be given up unless another thousand was added to the reward. I retired to bed that night well satisfied with the progress of the affair.

"In the small hours of the night I was awakened by a sound of voices in high altercation. It seemed to proceed from Mrs. Maxwell's, and I could distinguish the rasping and nasal voice of her son, abusing the good old lady in a style truly shocking, if applied to the widow of a clergyman. Forgetting my dislike of the old woman, whose tattling propensities had annoyed me, I felt a violent desire to step into the house and administer a sound thrashing to Mr. John Maxwell for his unfilial conduct. To be better satisfied in my opinion of him, and finding it impossible to sleep while the noise continued, I went up into the attic, or third story, where, as the houses were very small, and if the doors happened to be open in either house one could hear loud talking on the first floor. I sat down near the partition, and finding it difficult to hear, loosened one of the boards a little, and passed my head through into the son's room. The voices came up distinctly.

"'A pretty mess you've made of it,' screamed the good lady, 'with your novels and your beer, smoking, drinking, and loafing the whole day and half the night, when other men of your size are making fortunes at an honest business!'

"The reply was indistinct, but I approved the sentiments of the Rev. Mrs. Maxwell, and felt a violent indignation against John.

"'Where is the money you got for the Casey job? Lost at faro, I guess; none of it came to me. Or perhaps that abominable Mary Jane—I'll stick a knife into her if ever I get within reach. She might as well keep away from my hand, John.'

"Although the proposition to stick a knife into Mary Jane, who, I had not the least doubt, was an idle coquette, was too severe, I pardoned it as a liberty of expression.

"'She's better at that game than you are, Mother Bandy,' replied the son; 'and if you try it on she'll serve you as she did Billy Brogan. He got e'en enough from her; they didn't come out even, at all, Mother Bandy.'

"From the sounds which followed I was obliged to think that the good Mrs. Maxwell, exasperated by the language and behavior of her son, had flown at his throat. After a short struggle came a voice—

"'There, mother, that will do.'

"Then followed a succession of sobs, groans, and 'Oh my's.' The old lady appeared to be in despair of bringing her obdurate son to a sense of his wickedness. When she had recovered breath she changed her tone, and seemed to be quite cheerful. John had said something conciliatory which I did not hear.

"'Ah!' said the old lady, 'never call me by that odious name again. And so it appears that this fool, Liston, and his silly woman, are the advertisers. I could have thought as much. But is Bill sure of getting this money? Liston may be a sharp, you know, for all he looks so proper and steady.'

"'Bah! am I a flat? If it hadn't been for that lawyer, W——d, Faro Bill would have got the whole of the gold. Lucky for me, he failed.'

"The language of Mrs. Maxwell and her son gradually changed into a flash dialect, which I did not understand. I heard enough English, however, mingled with this horrid slang, to satisfy me that the respectable old lady and her son were people of the vilest character, and had formerly been, if they were not still, in association with the common thieves of the city. John Maxwell the printer was evidently a burglar, and identical with Black Jack.

"I felt no anxiety for the personal safety of myself and family, notwithstanding the proximity of Mrs. Maxwell and her son. I took it for granted that on the morrow the tattling old woman would betray her knowledge of the secret to my wife, and I was not disappointed. When I came home to dinner from the shop Alice informed me that Mrs. Maxwell had entertained her with a prolix account of a younger son of hers, who had made a fortune in the East Indies. That she had heard nothing of him for several years; that she was afraid he might be dead; that he ran away to sea during the life of her revered husband, the Rev. Dr. Maxwell, and had taken the name of Livingston, signing himself Sam. P. Livingston, which she thought was a disgrace to the family, as Maxwell was a name much more respectable than Livingston.

"Not daring to let Alice into the knowledge of Mrs. Maxwell's real character, I told her to hear all that the old lady might have to say, and report it to me. The next day Mrs. Maxwell showed several letters, purporting to be written by her son in the first years of his sea life. These were signed 'S. P. Livingston.' Alice begged to have the letters to show me, as she began to fancy that this Livingston might be in fact the owner of the treasure. The letters were of various dates, at Batavia. The old lady would not trust them out of her sight. A day or two later, during my absence, as usual, she produced another letter, purporting to have been written at Amsterdam, in which her son, Maxwell (*alias* Livingston, *alias* Bandy) informs her that he is waiting for a vessel to come on to New York, but writes by the way of London; that he shall bring with him money enough in gold 'and valuables'—the language of my advertisement!—to make his mother, his dear brother John, and himself, quite comfortable for life.

"That evening I went to a number of stationers' shops in Brooklyn, and purchased single sheets of letter-paper of every variety. I laid these before Alice, and called her attention to their quality, texture, and the maker's stamp. She immediately, having a quick memory and observation, identified one of these sheets as the same in quality and make with the paper used by the pretended son. Alice was dreadfully shocked when it flashed across her mind that the letters were forged. I had much trouble to exact from her a promise that she would continue, for a time, to treat Mrs. Maxwell with the same cordiality as before.

"A day or two after, as I expected, the old woman came in, while I was at breakfast, with a morning paper in her hand. The tears were streaming from her eyes. She burst into a paroxysm of grief, so well feigned that it melted the heart of poor Alice, notwithstanding her knowledge of the fraud. After sufficiently recovering herself she showed us my standing advertisement, and begged me to write a letter for her to the person advertising. She said that she was sure the gold which that person had found must be her son's; that she remembered, in one of his letters, he described a very curious box of ebony which he had made to carry gold and 'other valuables' in, at Batavia; that she was afraid the letter might be lost, but she would look diligently for it.

"I congratulated the good lady on the hope that possibly she might recover the property. Day after day, for more than a week, she pretended to have searched for that letter, which, as I was to see it, must be got up in unmistakable East Indian fashion. Hence the delay. At length, however, it was produced, and would have defied the scrutiny of much abler detectives than Alice and myself. The date, post-marks, texture of the letter, written on India paper, stains of salt-water, and a remarkable appearance of age in the ink and the creases, were unexceptionable. I concluded that this document must be the work of Mr. Langdon, *alias* Faro Bill. It contained a good description of the casket, in which the owner intended to convey his fortune from Batavia to New York, and also contained a brief eulogy of one Smith, a shipmate and bosom friend, who was to return home with him.

"W——d agreed with me in believing that this complicated piece of forgery must have been devised and carried on by the *soi disant* Langdon. That ingenious person had intimated to W——d that he thought it not at all unlikely that some clew might be found to the real ownership of the treasure, and that he believed if Black Jack could be persuaded to give up the papers which he took from the pocket of the sailor, they would be found to contain important information. Faro Bill admitted that he had seen two papers; that one of them was a parchment, and might have been a deed or a will; but that the other was certainly a letter. He had casually read the direction, but had forgotten it.

"Although it was unnecessary for the completion of the evidence, W——d, in order the more effectually to deceive the forger, suggested to him the propriety and convenience of a personal interview between ourselves and Black Jack. This was of course refused, as it would have identified him with John Maxwell. At this point the whole affair came to a dead lock; the forger and his chum afraid to move for fear of some mistake or accidental discovery, and we on our part waiting for the slow but sure operation of natural cupidity to bring the rascals to terms.

"I was quite willing to give the required two thousand dollars for the papers, because I felt sure that they would lead to a solution of the problem. W——d was not so sanguine. 'Let us wait,' said he; 'these men have not yet finished the net in which, meaning to catch a fortune, they will be entangled.'

"In compliance with the wishes of the good Mrs. Maxwell, whose daily lamentations over the probable loss of her dear son Livingston were becoming tiresome, I addressed a letter to the advertiser of the treasure—that is, to myself.

"This letter the good lady signed with a trembling hand and many tears. It was a highly pathetic epistle, setting forth the history of her dear son, supposed to have been killed; giving a good description of the casket, and ending with a brief and touching obituary of the lamented Smith, 'the friend of my dear son.' I took pleasure in composing this letter, Alice looking sad the while to see me engaged in so gross a piece of deception, and the meritorious Mrs. Maxwell painting in glowing colors the beauty and innocence of her dear boy, at the time when he ran away from the lash of the Reverend and adored, but too stern and unbending father.

"After the departure of the old woman with the letter, I explained to my wife the necessity of concealing from our neighbors the fact that I was myself the advertiser. It would have been necessary to let them know our opinion of them and their proceeding; and by that means we should make enemies, who, as next-door neighbors, and living almost under the same roof, would lose no opportunity of doing us an injury. Alice was much troubled, and urged me to move away. I promised to do so as soon as we could find a tenant who would take the house off our hands.

"This was not the only reason of my conduct, but it was sufficient for my wife, who feared nothing so much as an exposé and a quarrel. Meanwhile, I saw that Mrs. Maxwell, knowing that I was the advertiser, would perceive that I suspected their integrity from the fact of my writing this letter to myself, and not making a frank avowal of the fact. This suspicion had an immediate effect. The next day Faro Bill made his appearance in W——d's private office, and declared that he was ready to deliver the papers taken from the sailor by Black Jack, on the payment of the promised nine hundred dollars, and the signing of an agreement to pay the second thousand as soon as the owners should come forward and establish their claim.

"W——d assented in my name to the proposition, but required a previous inspection. Faro Bill reminded him that on a former occasion he (W——d) had retained certain papers. W——d promised that if he was not satisfied with the genuineness of the documents he would immediately return them, but told the forger that as he was too busy to examine them at the time, he should come the next day and the money would be paid.

"W——d notified me that my presence would be necessary, and when the accomplice of Black Jack made his appearance, we were ready to receive him.

"Faro Bill came in, dressed elegantly in sporting costume; talked in an easy, off-hand style, and laid his documents on the table, carefully enveloped, with an air of confidence.

"W——d opened the conversation.

"'We wish, Mr. Langdon, that under no circumstances, even if these documents, like the others, should appear to be forged, that you would run away as you did on a former occasion. If you have made a second effort to deceive us, and it fails, we are still under the necessity of dealing further with you, in the hope of securing the real documents. Promise that you will not run away, and I engage that you will not be arrested or otherwise annoyed.'

"The forger, though astonished and disturbed, laughed involuntarily at the suddenness of the attack. He agreed not to run, and seemed to be very confident.

"'And now, Mr. Liston,' continued W——d, 'before we open these papers, please tell us what they are?'

"'The parchment,' said I, slowly opening the envelope, 'is a will, purporting to have been made by S. P. Livingston, *alias* Maxwell, in favor of his mother, Mrs. Maxwell, of Brooklyn.

"'The letter accompanying the will is from the same S. P. Livingston, *alias* Maxwell, to the same Mrs. M., written at Amsterdam. Of its contents I am not certain; but this much I may guess, that it alludes to the property which came into my possession by favor of our friend here, and to a certain John Smith who is declared to have it in his keeping for the benefit of said Mrs. M.'

"So saying, I unfolded the parchment and the letter. They were as I had described them. Their intent was obvious. They were a part of the system.

"The forger's lip quivered, and his eyes became bloodshot with vexation and rage. He was again baffled. But his presence of mind did not forsake him.

"'By what means you obtained this information, Mr. Liston,' said he, 'it is not necessary for me to inquire. The documents are genuine, and if you happen to know the parties so much the better. I have earned my two thousand dollars.'

"'Not so fast—not so fast,' said W——d. 'This Mrs. Maxwell is the famous Mother Bandy, whom I remember to have seen years ago as one of the witnesses in a celebrated criminal case; and the son, S. P. Livingston, is a creation of your own brain. In short, the failure of this second attempt will perhaps bring you to reason. It is worse than useless to trifle in this manner. Here are your forged documents—take them back to your comrade and say from me that I give him his choice—the real papers for the money, or the Penitentiary for nothing.'

"The forger was more astonished than humbled by the exposure of his tricks, and hardly knew what answer to make.

"'Are you prepared,' said W——d, after giving the other a little time for reflection, 'to bring us the documents, or will you compel us to make war upon you? Here is a check for the sum agreed—money easily, though not honestly, earned—we offer this for the papers, and you will be certain to receive it if you bring them.'

"At length, after a great deal of reflection and a long silence, during which he looked constantly upon the floor, Faro Bill rose and went away, saying that he would come and give an answer the next day.

"It was late in the afternoon when I left W——d's office, and, having business in the city, I did not reach home until late in the evening. I found Alice waiting for me, greatly alarmed.

"About dusk she had seen a well-dressed man go into Mrs. Maxwell's. That after an hour or more a noise of rummaging and moving furniture commenced, and was continued for a long time. That about an hour before my return John Maxwell came home intoxicated, and soon after she heard the voice of Mrs. Maxwell and her son quarreling. Then there was a third voice, and a violent altercation of all the three, ending in a scream; and all was quiet. After this she saw John Maxwell and the gentleman go out, taking with them a trunk, which seemed to be heavy.

"Not doubting that the quarrel had been about a division of the money which was to be paid for the papers, I went immediately to the front door of Maxwell's house, and finding it open I passed into the front room. The old woman, with her hair hanging wild, and a huge gash in her forehead, from which the blood was flowing, sat up in the middle of the floor, as if she had just risen from a swoon. The furniture of the room was thrown over and about, and there was every indication of a fight in which she had been an active and vigorous combatant. Her clothes were torn, exposing many parts of her person, which showed the vigor and proportions of an Amazon.

"'Well, Mrs. Maxwell,' said I, 'you have been having a brisk time with that son of yours and Faro Bill, I suppose?'

"'No son of mine, no son of mine,' said the old woman, sullenly; 'but a murderous villain—a dog—'

"I do not care to repeat the language which followed; but never in my life had I conceived it possible for a woman to make such a terrible exhibition of profanity and wickedness. After she had eased herself somewhat by this tirade she laughed a little, and getting up went to a closet and quieted her nerves with a draught of gin; after which, covering her half-naked shoulders with the skirt of her dress, she sat down, inviting me to a chair. Her face was covered with blood, and altogether she was as repulsive and disagreeable an object as I had ever seen.

"'Those fools,' said she, returning from her slang and profanity to good and decent English, 'thought they could bully and frighten an old woman; but I am good for a dozen such boys.'

"'You have an ugly cut over the brow, Mrs. Bandy.'

"'Bah! that is nothing. I have stabs and blows enow on this old body to have killed a dozen women like that one of yours. Look at this,' she said, baring one of her brawny shoulders; 'that scar is a bullet wound, and the ball is in my body—that is Bandy's mark.' She laughed long and heartily. 'To think,' said she, 'that I, with that mark on me—Bandy's mark—I, that had stood fire, could be frightened with a threat and a blow! Fools, fools, both of 'em.'

"'What were you fighting about?'

"'Papers, man, papers; they want those papers you were to pay for. Simple in you to trade with them about them; why, man, the papers are mine. Didn't Black Jack sell 'em to me? Haven't I fed and clothed him for 'em? Don't I know the vally of 'em? Bah! You decent, quiet folks are all fools; you think because a fellow is a thief he must know something.'

"'Quite the contrary, Mrs. Bandy. Dishonesty is a proof of ignorance.'

"'So; is it? Well, I'd like to know! Then there's a plaguy big crowd o' rogues, for the most know nothing at all.'

"'I did not say that ignorance was a proof of dishonesty, but dishonesty of ignorance.'

"'It's all the same—only open the chances; fine talk for you, Mr. Liston—a mechanic; you're one of the missionaries, aren't you? No matter for that; you want the papers, and can pay for 'em; I've got 'em, and ha' paid for 'em; that's the point. Talk, man, talk!' cried the lady, holding out one hand in a balancing manner, as if there was a weight of coin to be dropped into the palm. Mrs. Bandy then took a Dutch pipe out of the closet, filled and lighted it at the candle, which burned dimly on the mantle-piece, and began smoking.

"'You have those papers? You are confident Jack and Bill did not carry them off?'

"She laughed in a disagreeable manner. 'I have them where Jack and Bill will never find them; nor you neither; nor all the p'lice of New York. The boys thought the papers were in the trunk they carried off with them. I let Jack see me put 'em there yesterday; the trunk is full of trumpery and rags.' The old woman chuckled. 'The game is played out; I mean the respectable gag. Now I'm Mother Bandy again; it's more comfortable. Come, now, you shall give me half the treasure for the papers. I like you, Liston, though you be a mechanic, and in a low way; you're going to be rich; you'll keep the treasure.'

"'You may believe so; but I shall restore every dollar of it to the right owner, except what I have paid and shall pay for the expenses.'

"The old woman laughed and rocked herself to and fro.

"'That's a good 'un. You're a man, Liston; but soft—very soft. Come, now; give me the half and I'll burn the evidence.'

"'Mrs. Bandy, I hope you won't make me angry.'

"'You're bad when you're ugly, ain't you?' said she, scanning me from head to foot. 'I told the boys as much. Do you really mean to give up the gold?'

"'I need not have waited so long if I had any other design.'

"'You daren't use the money till you see the evidence safe in the fire. I want half.'

"'You are hard to convince.'

"'It does one good to talk to a regular out-and-out fool, once in a while.' This remark was followed by a monstrous chuckle.

"I began to be impatient, and rose to go.

"'Sit down. Liston—sit down. I like you. Now, come; say a quarter.'

"'I will give you two thousand dollars or nothing.'

"'Say five—that's a sixth.'

"I was startled; this woman knew the value of the property.

"'You look queer, Mr. Liston, because I have let out a secret.'

"'Do *they* know?'

"'Who? Jack and Bill? They? Wouldn't I a been a greeny to let on to them? Bill and Jack know what I chose to tell 'em. Jack brought the papers to me the night they left the box in your room. Neither of them have read them, or seen them. I had my reasons. They wanted to grab the whole. Jack quarreled and left me; he thought I would peach. Faro Bill had been a lawyer's clerk; he wheedled and wheedled till I would help him to get up the letter from Lavernaque, or some such name.'

"'You then were the widow Danton?'"

"'Yes.' Another violent chuckle.

"'And Jack does not know the history of that affair?'

"'A little of it. He came back to me and was sorry. Your advertisement was going on, and I was willing to let the boys trap you if they could; but I held the papers, and knew the true owners; and when it came to giving them up, I could trade with you over their necks.'

"'You intimated as much to them, I suppose, to-night?'

"'Yes, more fool I for doing it. They made a muss, and Jack floored me with a chair.'

"'Well, to conclude this matter, Mrs. Bandy, will you or will you not accept the terms I offer?'

"'Yes, yes,' she answered, good-humoredly, 'I'll not be hard with you.'

"'Will you come to Mr. W——d's office to morrow, at 9 o'clock, and exchange the papers for the money?'

"'Yes.'

"'Good-night, then, and pleasant dreams.'

"The old woman was punctual to her appointment. She was dressed like a beggar, and so thoroughly disguised I did not recognize her till she spoke.

"She waited till the door was closed and locked, and then drew forth a greasy wallet, and held it in her lap.

"W——d laid a bundle of bank-notes on the table before her. She gave no heed to them, but directed all her attention to myself.

"'Isn't your name Simon Paul Liston?'

"'It is.'

"'Have you, Mr. Liston, any relatives, an uncle, a brother, or the like, that lived in India?'

"'None. I had a brother who died in infancy. No uncles by the father's side; the one brother of my mother is living in New York.'

"'Had you ever a friend, a lad of your own age, who left you long ago, when you were both boys?'

"I reflected; there was such a friend, whom I had almost forgotten.

"'One Potter?'

"'The same; poor Sam Potter, a good-hearted lad; he was a fellow-apprentice of mine, and we shared every thing. Potter was a foundling, a sad, miserable boy, moping and pining. Our master, old Jackson, the wheel-wright, was very harsh with him, and he ran away.'

"'You have never since heard from this Sam Potter?'

"'No.'

"'Sam Potter went to sea. In this letter,' said the old woman, handing me a sea-letter, the *fac simile* of the one which purported to have been written by Lavernaque, 'you will find what you ought to know.'

"With a trembling hand I took the letter and found myself unable to see the writing through mental excitement. W——d snatched it from me, and after a hasty perusal, 'Now, Mrs. Bandy,' said he, 'the will; and you may take the money and go.'

"The old woman next handed me a will made by Sam Potter, who, dying at Amsterdam on his way home from Batavia, in token of the kindness I showed him during his wretched apprenticeship, and because on the day he ran away I had kept his secret and divided with him the money I had, made me his heir, with a small legacy to John Smith, his sole executor. In the letter written at the beginning of his illness he gave a sketch of his life, which nearly resembled that of the fictitious Lavernaque. Then followed the letter of the veritable John Smith, with a schedule of the property, valued at thirty thousand dollars, gold and diamonds, and the evidence was complete. While we were reading the papers the old woman disappeared with her money.

"On reaching home that day, I found she had been there before me, and after informing Alice of her good fortune, had left the premises, furniture, and all. Nor have I since heard any news of Mother Bandy or the two burglars.

"By Alice's desire I bought this cottage. We have been two years in it, and are becoming attached to the place."

"Are you still in the old trade?"

"I have a shop, but of late I grew idle and aristocratic. Come, let us go in; the dew is falling."

A VISIT TO MANILLA.

[FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

MANILLA, *October*, 1857.

OUR ship is still lying at Victoria, Hong Kong; but Brace, Arthur, and I have had a private cruise to Manilla, the great sea-port of the Philippines, and the mother of those rare blessings, Manilla cheroots. I believe you don't care much for them in New York; but in this climate they are invaluable. I *have* heard that you don't get the choice of the market.

The way of it was this: Our shipmate, Arthur, who is as susceptible as a school-girl, fell in with a Spanish girl at a ball given by Sir John Bowring some weeks since, and made furious love to her. Before the ball was over they were engaged; that is to say, he had given her his card, and written over his name "I am yours till death;" and she, under his direction (he can't speak much Spanish; and the love-making was done, I suppose, in polyglot English, French, and Chinese), had inscribed on her tablets, "I will marry el Señor Arturo," signed her initials, and given the tablets to Arthur. There is a lady near Boston, whose heart will perhaps go pit-a-pat if she reads of this transaction; but I shouldn't wonder—the sex are so fickle—if she had married a fat merchant long ere this. When Arthur confided the affair to three or four of us in the gun-room on the following morning, he was roasted, of course; and when he declared on oath, and over a rum cocktail, that he intended to hold the lady to her promise, we roared outright, and discussed the propriety of having Arthur suspended from duty, and placed on the sick-list.

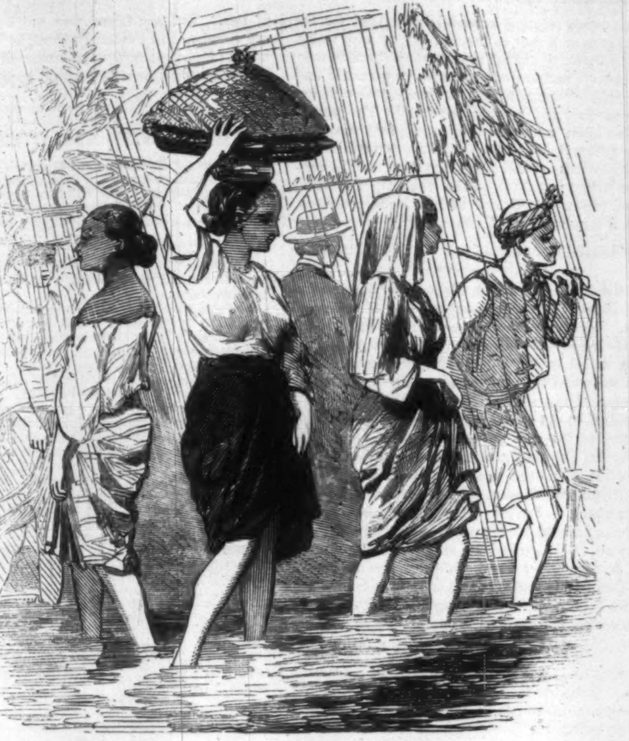
Things wore on so for some days. The lady had returned home to Manilla with Arthur's card, a lock of his hair, a quantity of his poetry, and—as he persisted—a firm reliance on his keeping his word. Poor Arthur had been unmercifully chaffed. The great guns had come to hear of the affair; and Admiral Seymour, of the English squadron, who had been much struck with the lady himself (he is an old buck), invariably asked Arthur, when he saw him, what the news was from Manilla, and whether he would send him cheroots when he got his plantation there? In our mess we had come to pity our poor mess-mate, whose spirits had fallen very low.

A very singular affair now occurred. Mrs. Brace, who had been impelled by a spirit of adventure or by jealousy (we all said the latter) to meet her husband at Hong Kong, had gone to a mixed party at a merchant's house, dressed as she usually dresses, and as her fortune permits—in true New York style. She seemed to wear a small fortune in jewels of various kinds. After the *soirée*, according to her story, she went up stairs to dress to go home; in the dressing-room there was a young man, a Spaniard, who said he had come to look for some things his sister had forgotten; he fumbled about the room for some time, and very awkwardly twice ran against Mrs. Brace; finally left, stating that he couldn't find what he wanted. Mrs. Brace dressed, went home, and discovered, on arrival, that a brooch of great value, a chatelaine, and a bracelet, which she wore at the ball, were missing. She estimated the value of the missing articles at two thousand dollars.

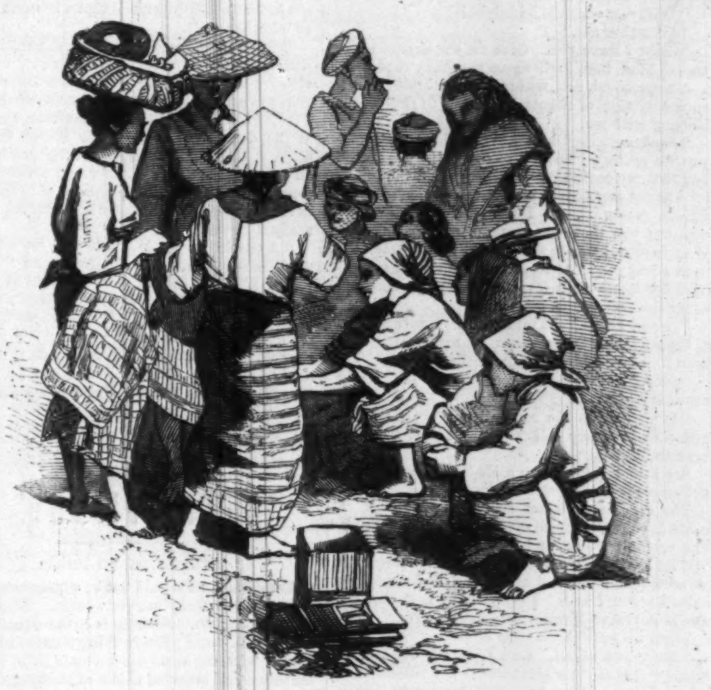
Inquiry was instituted, but no trace of the lost property could be found. Brace, on his wife's suggestion, inquired about the Spaniard. He proved to be a young man of good family, but vicious habits; he had frequently been seen drunk; he was an inveterate gambler; he had been in prison at Hong Kong for a night brawl; altogether his antecedents were such that Mrs. Brace decidedly suspected him of being the thief. Her suspicions were confirmed by the fact that he had precipitately returned to Manilla a day or two after the ball.

Brace solicited and obtained leave to go in chase of him. Arthur, whose paradise Manilla had become, could not well be refused a like favor; and I, finding time heavy on my hands, asked and was allowed to join them.

So we started—one in search of a thief, another of a wife, and a third of excitement. On arrival, Arthur instantly made a bee line for the house of his *inamorata*, whose name was well known at the hotel where we lodged. He was lost to us. Brace and I, not feeling particularly safe in operating on our own responsibility in a Spanish colony, with sentries at every corner, communicated with the police, stating that a robbery had been committed at Hong Kong, and that we had reason to believe



MANILLA STREETS IN THE RAINY SEASON.



MARKET-WOMEN AT MANILLA.

that the thief was in Manilla. We were made to put this in writing, and to describe the property. Next day we received a letter three pages long, yet containing one sentence only, the purport of which was that there were no thieves in Manilla, and that the impression of the officers of Her Most Christian Majesty was that we were fools, impostors, and knaves!

Brace, on this, wanted to challenge the Governor. I called on him instead, and after some palaver I first gently hinted at the name of the supposed culprit. He started as if he had been shot.

"The son of Don ——— ——, one of my oldest friends! Impossible!"

I related the circumstances, which were very peculiar, to say the least, and touched upon the young man's course of life.

The Governor confessed that the youth was a rake, and had given his family great trouble; that he gambled, especially at cock-fights, beyond his means; that he had more than once come into contact with the authorities; but steal! was such a thing possible? And the proud old Spaniard grew red in the face at the suggestion.

I obtained, at length, permission to institute a thorough search of the town, and promised to report progress.

Brace and I proceeded forthwith to examine the contents of all the jewelers' stores in Manilla. In two days we had been in every store where such articles as the missing property could by any chance find a market, without finding the least trace. We also instituted inquiry into the whereabouts of the supposed thief, whom I will call Manuel. We found that since he had arrived at Manilla he had gambled more profusely than ever; that he had been seen frequently in company with ladies, dressed in the extravagant fashions of that part of the world; that he was at war with his family, and was residing on a plantation.

Four or five days spent in these researches left us as wise as we were before, and I was constrained to admit to the Governor, when I waited upon him, that we had obtained no clew whatever. The old man was quite joyful.

"You Americans are too suspicious—too suspicious. The lady has lost her trinkets in dancing too much. Your ladies are very careless. Oh, Señor, they are indeed!" And he bowed me out.

We had seen very little of our friend Arthur. Occasionally in the morning he would drop in upon us, and talk half an hour at a time about the constancy, and the beauty, and the countless virtues of his fair one, and would press us to come and judge for ourselves. We were not in a humor for conviviality, however, and had declined his invitations. At last, after ten days' utterly fruitless inquiry, we resolved to return to Hong Kong; and on the eve of our departure we went, at Arthur's request, to the house of his fair friend's parents.

She was a lovely creature, with Spanish eyes and hair, and a sweet mouth; she was as perfect a lady as if she had been bred in Madrid. Arthur was undoubtedly a happy dog. Such were our first impressions. But how shall I describe my feelings when, scarcely five minutes after our introduction, Brace started up as if he had been stung by a serpent, drew me aside, and whispered convulsively in my ear, "By Jove, she's got my wife's bracelet on!"

"Are you sure?"

"Am I a fool?"

"Then sit down quietly and talk to somebody; leave the affair to me." He was so excited that he would have betrayed us at once.

I candidly confess that, remembering that the fair lady had been at the ball where the jewels were lost, and bearing in mind queer stories I had heard about the ungovernable rage of Manilla belles for jewelry, my first impression was not flattering to the lovely Carita. And what a frightful disclosure for her lover if she were convicted! I sickened at the thought.

I entered into conversation with her on the first opportunity. Arthur, who usually clung to her side, left her *en tête-a-tête* with me, supposing, of course, that I wanted a better acquaintance with the future wife of a friend. In the course of a few minutes I observed, carelessly,

"What a pretty bracelet you wear!"

"Ah! yes," said she, blushing. "But let us talk about the horses. Have you tried our Manilla horses?"

"Hardly yet, I must say. But do let me see that bracelet; I am very curious in matters of jewelry!"

"No, no," said she, with a laugh, which seemed constrained; "men have no right to inquire into such things! Why have you never ridden on horseback?"

"I have been busy. I presume such beautiful bracelets as that one are very rare in Manilla?"

"Very likely."

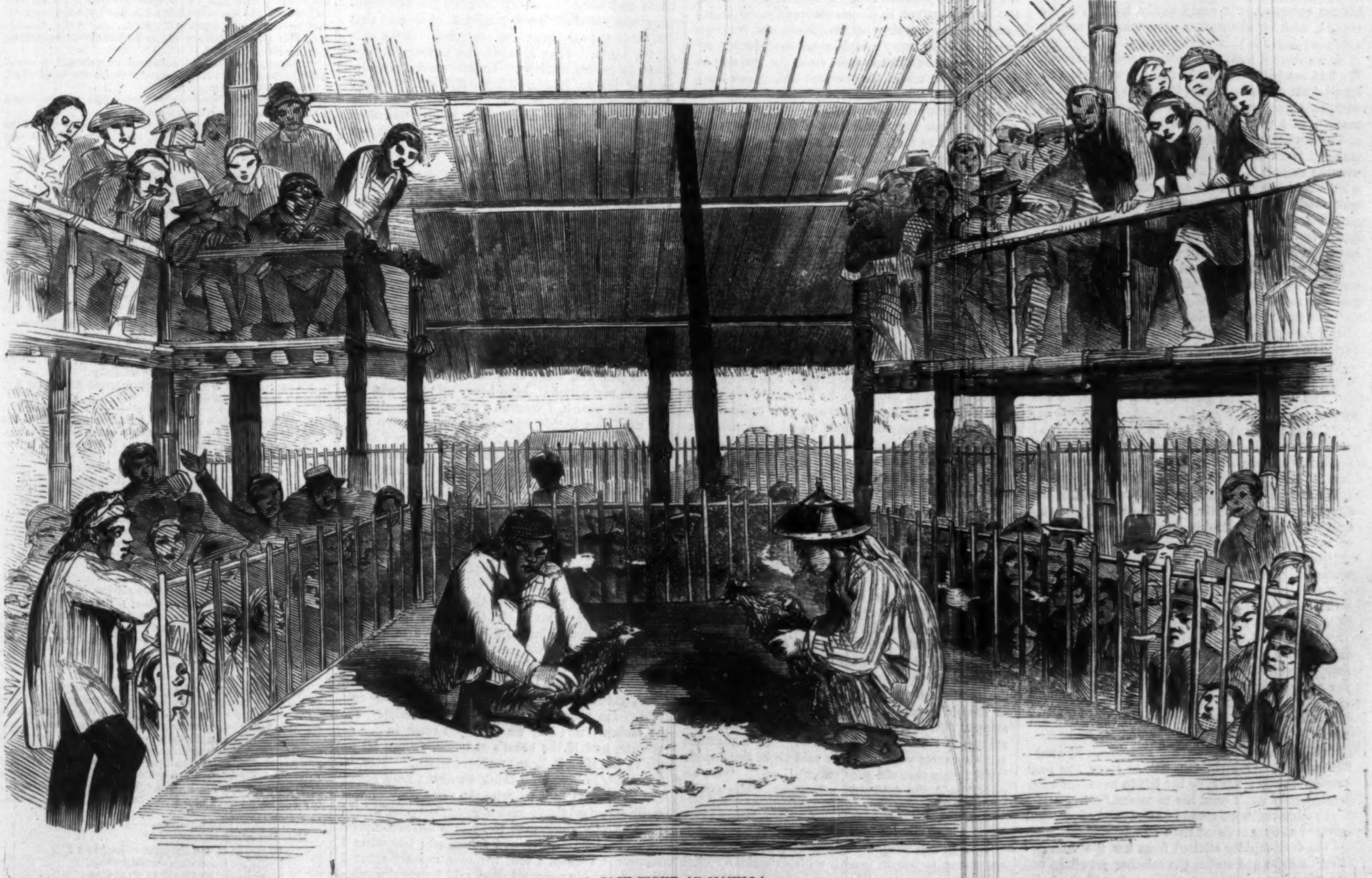
"I do wish very much that you would let me see it."

"Señor, I am rather surprised that you should ask what I have twice declined. I refused to show it you, and desire that you will ask no more questions about it! I have good reasons." And she drew her sleeve down so as to hide it.

As soon as possible I left her, and went outside on the balcony. I found myself whistling, and feeling as though I would give worlds to be about a thousand miles from that spot, when Brace came to me and inquired what I had done.

"Nothing yet."

"Well, I've had ample opportunities of looking at the bracelet. I'll swear it's my wife's, and I'm satisfied she stole it. Let us have her arrested right away; we owe it to Arthur not to let him go



A COCK-FIGHT AT MANILLA.

any farther with a creature of that kind. He should be warned in time."

"Will you wait till midnight?"

"I'd rather not."

"Then I leave you. Give me one chance more, and, if I fail, then I will agree to what you please."

He consented, and within a few minutes I took an opportunity of requesting Carita to step on the balcony with me.

"Mademoiselle," said I, very slowly, "I owe you an apology; but I also owe it to you to tell you that my reason for inquiring about the bracelet was not mere curiosity; it was—a sufficient, a serious reason. And I now ask you, gravely, warning you that very serious results hang on your answer, 'Where did you get that bracelet?'"

She had begun to tremble—I knew that, for I held her arm—when I commenced; she shook in every limb when I ended.

"Señor, Señor," she muttered, "I dare not."

"Then the consequences be upon your own head!" And I turned to enter the house.

"Stop," she cried, "one moment. Is it really necessary—"

"If you value the reputation of your family, you will instantly tell me where you got that bracelet."

She rather gasped than said, "My cousin Manuel—gave it to me last week."

The very man we had suspected all along. I could have jumped from the balcony in my delight. She couldn't understand why I kissed her hand, and let her into the room radiant. Brace perceived at once that I was all right, and had made his adieux before I had. I assured our host that we should not leave Manilla for a day or two.

When we were in the open air—

"Now, you rascal," said I, in my ecstasy, to Brace, "I have the whole plot. That villain Manuel gave her the bracelet. He's her cousin—probably her lover, too; but that's Arthur's affair, not ours. She's safe, and he's caught! Hurrah!"

At nine next morning we were at the Governor's, with our plan cut and dried. The old gentleman was sarcastic and incredulous, even after I had told my story; but as good luck would have it, Carita, feeling that her conduct, in refusing at first to explain the history of the bracelet, required to be accounted for, had written me a little note after the party, stating that she was not allowed by her father to speak to Manuel, who had been discarded by his family; that on his return from Hong Kong she had disobeyed the injunction, from her old affection for him; that he had pressed the bracelet on her acceptance at that interview; and that she had promised him faithfully to keep his visit a secret. The Governor knew Carita's family well, and the note removed his doubts. The poor old man burst into tears at the disgrace brought on his old friend's name; but he at once agreed to give us a file of soldiers to arrest Manuel.

While they were preparing for the journey to the plantation where he was, Arthur came in, and we could not conceal from him what we had discovered. The poor fellow burst into a paroxysm of rage.

"A receiver of stolen goods, by Jove!" he groaned. "Early affection be blowed! I dare say she's in league with him. A thief for a cousin! Oh Lord! oh Lord!"

The poor fellow was so broken down that we spent an hour or two with him, and finally extorted a promise that he should not leave our rooms till we returned. It could easily be proved, we argued, whether she was an accomplice or merely a pitying angel to this young scamp.

So we started with nine soldiers and a corporal. We had not been half an hour on the way when we heard from a Chinese, who had been a servant of ours, that the man we were in quest of was at that moment at a cock-pit in Manilla.

To turn about and hasten to the spot indicated was the work of an instant. Sure enough, there was the culprit, a very fine-looking young fellow, with a rakish air, but an open countenance. He was not in the least disturbed when the soldiers marched up and arrested him. Such coolness I had never witnessed in a thief before; he was more hardened than I suspected.

On coming out he saluted us, and asked, laughingly, if we knew which of his peccadilloes he was going to suffer for now?

"For theft," said I, bluntly.

His face grew red, then nearly black; with a furious oath he exclaimed,

"Theft! Who dares to accuse me of theft? What did I steal?"

"The bracelet you gave to your cousin," I answered.

"Carita! Then she told my secret! Ah! cursed woman! Take me away. Theft, is it? Well, it's all one, theft or murder. Cursed woman!"

We saw him marched off, and proceeded in the direction of our domicile. On the way a girl ran against Brace, and, looking up in his face, screamed and scurried off into an alley, where she fell.

"What's the matter?" said I, running after the woman to pick her up.

"Oh! master, forgive—nebber, nebber did such a thing afore. Oh! forgive—I serve you all my life. Oh! I so sorry, so sorry—"

"Jack," said I to Brace, "I can't make head or tail of this girl. She wants me to forgive her. Suppose you try to make her out." And I picked her up, greatly against her will, as she insisted on clasping my knees.

"Why," cried Brace, "it's Fanchoo, our old nurse!"

"Oh, yes, master, it's poor Fanchoo. She nebber was so misable. Oh, she so sorry she took missus' things; she give her life to have 'em back again—only don't send her to prison."

I rather think we stood in more need of physical support at that moment than Fanchoo.

We very rapidly elicited from her the information that she had stolen the missing jewels in undressing her mistress on the evening of the ball; had sold them, on arriving at Manilla, to Chinese peddlers—from one of whom, obviously, Manuel had bought the bracelet; and, on sight of us, that she had naturally presumed that we were acquainted with her guilt.

We had better employment than punishing the poor creature. As luck would have it, our friend Manuel had been taken to the Governor's before going to prison; he was in the ante-chamber when I arrived. I could not wait, but took the flunky at the Governor's door by the throat, flung him aside, dashed in, and explained that we had been all wrong; that Don Manuel was perfectly innocent; and that if a trifling penance of twenty years in the galleys would atone for our mischief, we were ready to submit to it.

"A suspicious people, I told you, my friend, los Americanos!" said the old Governor; "too suspicious!" And the old man chuckled at the discovery of the innocence of his old friend's son.

I need not add that of all the people who were rejoiced at this termination of the affair poor Arthur was the gladdest. He has made it his business to reconcile Manuel (with whom he is great friends) with his family, and the wedding is to come off before New Year.

And so ends our romance at Manilla.

Miscellany.

ATTENTION TO DRESS.

APPEARANCES should not be wholly beneath the consideration of any man or woman. Nature does not disdain them. Nothing is omitted that can enhance its beauty. Every thing is grouped and arranged with the most consummate skill, and with the direct and manifest object of pleasing the exterior vision. Those persons, therefore, who play the philosopher on the strength of neglecting their attire, and who hope that the world will rate the superiority of their intellect in direct ratio with the inferiority of their dress, are not philosophers at all, because the truly wise man thinks of nature through himself.

WHY FOXES GET MARRIED.

A WRITER in *Titan* amusingly discusses this point: "The fox gets married; but he is not monogamous and faithful for life. He inhabits the same earth with his wife no longer than is necessary for the proper education of his family. Their union, which begins toward the close of winter, lasts till the month of August following. It is remarkable that foxes, both males and females, keep very quiet in the early days of their married life, and do not make themselves much talked about. The arrival of the family luxuriantly develops in the father and the mother the plundering and thievish instincts with which Heaven has gifted them."

LOAD AND FIRE.

REV. THOMAS ALLEN was ordained as the first minister in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, in April, 1765. Mr. Allen was a native of Northampton, and a graduate of Harvard in 1762. He was eminent for his zeal in the cause of his country previous to the Revolution. He was chaplain to the American army under Washington at White Plains in 1776, again in the summer of 1777 at Ticonderoga, and again at Bennington, to which place he marched with a company composed partly of his Pittsfield parishioners. From his lips went up the fervent prayer, in the presence of the American army, on the morning of the action, and from his gun went forth many a murderous flash during the battle. His brother Joseph stood by his side in the action, to whom the parson said, "You load, and I will fire." Mr. Allen remained connected with his original parish till February 11, 1810, when he died, after a ministry of forty-five years. In addition to his published sermons, Mr. Allen left 2700 sermons written in short-hand, which no one as yet has been able to decipher.

REVERENCE THE OLD MAN.

Bow low the head, boy; do reverence to the old man. Once like you, the vicissitudes of life have silvered the hair, and changed the round merry face to the worn visage before you. Once that heart beat with aspirations coequal to any that you have felt; aspirations crushed by disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked proudly through the gay scenes of pleasure, the *beau-ideal* of grace; now the hand of Time, that withers the flower of yesterday, has warped that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once, at your age, he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain—now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to a nook in fame, anon imagining life a dream that the sooner he woke from the better. But he has lived the dream very near through. The time to awake is very near at hand; yet his eye ever kindles at old deeds of daring, and the hand takes a firmer grasp of the staff. Bow the head, boy, as you would in your old age be reverenced.

THE SWELL MOB OF THE LONDON OMNIBUS.

AN American gentleman having seated himself in a London omnibus, saw and heard what a little amused him. A man, bearing no peculiar marks of authority, looked in at the door, took a professional view of the passengers, and called out to the driver, without any pretense at modest concealment of his thoughts, "You can't go on, there's two of the swell-mob in here." The coach waited, till at length a pursy, well-looking old man rose and stepped out, saying as he did so, "I've too much money to ride with pickpockets." In a moment more a spruce young person said as he decamped, "I'll follow that old gentleman's lead." "Go on now," said the detective policeman, "the swells have got out, and all's right."

THE HASTE TO BE RICH.

THE poison of covetousness—the all-consuming eagerness to obtain wealth without industry, and without having to wait patiently for the reward of professional excellence—appears to be rapidly pervading every relation in social life. Oh! for the appearance of a race of men among us who would practically teach us that men were not born to worship money, and to devote wealth to personal and household adornment, and the gratification of every luxurious and sensual appetite! The purple and fine linen, and silver-plate and port-wine morality and religion of Christendom, have failed in the production of such a social system as will enable us longer to rely upon the stability of the virtues of the educated and refined middle classes. There is a radical defect somewhere.

ENGLISH INDIVIDUALITY AND AMERICAN GREGARIOUSNESS.

THE English are to be distinguished from the Americans by greater independence of personal habits. Not only the institutions, but the physical condition of our own country, has a tendency to reduce us all to the same level of usages. The steamboats, the overgrown tavern, the speculative character of the enterprises, and the consequent disposition to do all things in common, aid the tendency of the system in bringing about such a result. In England a man dines by himself, in a room filled with other hermits; he eats at his leisure; drinks his wine in silence; reads the paper by the hour; and in all things encourages individuality, and insists on his particular humors. The American is compelled to submit to a common rule; he eats when others eat; sleeps when others sleep; and he is lucky indeed if he can read a paper in a tavern without having a stranger looking over each shoulder.

SHAMS IN CHURCHES.

A WRITER in one of the Boston papers complains of the "elaborate disfigurement" produced by the alterations in a church at Roxbury. It has been "poorly painted in fresco, and a pulpit of most singular proportions substituted for the old one, which every body thought was sufficiently ugly." Behind the pulpit is a falsehood—in a church, where every thing should be as it pretends to be—an attempt at perspective; and the door strangely opens through this perspective of rows of columns; so that "when the preacher enters the astonished spectator sees the base and part of the shaft of sundry majestic columns turn upon hinges, leaving the elegant capitals and the remainder of the shafts suspended until the door is closed, and the pleasing illusion restored." It looked to the critic like a scene at the theatre in the daytime, though there the doors are usually in correct position, and the theatre more natural than the church. There is a growing tendency to sham decorations of a similar kind in churches recently built, or in the process of improvement. The thing is well enough in a theatre, where people go expecting to be humbugged, but in the Church of the living God; which is the pillar and ground of the *truth*, every thing like an attempt at deception ought to be avoided.

BIRDS IN JAPAN.

BIRDS are treated very kindly there. They are never killed for sport, and little troughs are scooped out in the tomb-stones, which priests fill every morning with fresh water for their drink. During the stay of Commodore Perry's ships a number of officers started one day to go gunning. As soon as the Japanese saw the cruel murder of their birds they went to the Commodore and begged him to put a stop to such conduct. There was no more bird-shooting in Japan by American officers after that; and when the treaty between the two countries was concluded, one condition of it was that the birds should always be protected. Take care of the birds. That is what the farmers say we must do in this country. Unless we do, good-by to fruit, for the insects will get the upper hand of us, and eat it up. Let the birdies live, and they will not only cheer us by their beauty and their songs, but destroy the insects and preserve our fruit.

INDUSTRY.

INDUSTRY, if it be only a habit, is at least an excellent habit. If you ask me which is the more destructive vice of human nature, do you imagine I should answer sloth, or ambition, or egotism? I should say indolence—and he who conquers indolence conquers all the rest.

WHITE LIES.

"To show you," said a Scotch clergyman to a friend, "how little feeling many persons, even of respectable standing, have, that there is any thing immoral in a falsehood told in the way of business, I will tell you what occurred to myself when I came to my parish. Like every minister with an extensive parish, I wanted a horse. I mentioned my need to a highly respectable farmer, who told me that by great good luck he knew where I could be suited at once. At a farm a few miles off there was for sale just such an animal as I wanted. I said that I should lose no time in going over to see the horse in question. 'Na, na, Sir,' said my friend, with a look of remarkable shrewdness; 'na, na, *that* will never do. If you were to gang over and say you wanted the beast, the farmer would put an extra ten or fifteen pounds on his price. But I'll tell you what we'll do. To-morrow forenoon I'll drive you over to the farm, and I'll say to the farmer, "This is Mr. Green, our new minister; I was jist gieing him a bit drive to see the country. And as we gaed by your house jist by chance, I telled him that you had a bit beast to sell, and although I didna think it wad suit him ava', yet it might do no harm to look at it at ony rate. He wasna for comin' in, the minister, for he hadna time: but we have jist come in for ae minute, and if the beast's at hame, ye can let us see't; but if no it doesna matter a grain." Noo, if I say *that* to him, he'll think we didna heed about the beast, and he'll no raise the price o't.' I was quite surprised that a man of good character should propose to a clergyman to become his accomplice in a plan of trickery and falsehood; but when I recovered breath, I told my man exactly what I thought of his proposal, and said I should want a horse forever rather than get one by telling a score of lies. But my friend was quite unabashed by my rebuke, and evidently thought I was a young man of Quixotic notions of honor, of which a little longer experience of life would happily rid me."

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

PLEDGES OF SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.—"Oh, Mr. Grubbles!" exclaimed a young mother, "shouldn't you like to have a family of rosy children about your knee?" "No, Ma'am," said the disagreeable old bachelor; "I'd rather have a lot of yellow boys in my pocket."

APHORISMS UPON TIGHT-LACING.

A narrowness of waist betrays a narrowness of mind. When the ribs are contracted, it is a sure sign that the intellect is also.

Better to have good lungs and what, in the wisdom of *Le Follet*, is considered a bad figure, than by a tight corset to get a better shape and a worse constitution.

When a pair of stays comes in at the door, health paired with happiness flies out of the window.

In the shadow of a small waist may be seen a large doctor's bill and the outline of a coffin.

Beauty nipped in the waist is like a rose nipped in the bud. It is the shortest lived, and falls off the quickest.

The more a woman's waist is shaped like an hour-glass, the more it shows us that her sands of life are running out.

What's bred in the whalebone will eventually "come out" in the visits of the doctor.

Give me the unmaking of a lady's stays, and I care not who makes up her dresses.

CHOICE OF FRIENDS.—Beware of contracting friendship with surgeons. When you most require their services they will probably cut you.

INSANE CONUNDRUM.—Why is a thing difficult to describe like a chronometer?—Because it is a watch-you-may-call-it.

A BRUTE.—A disagreeable cynic remarked, in a public lecture on Speech, that animals and women express themselves in interjections.

PLAYING AT SOLDIERS.—Children, having their dinner in the nursery, generally make a mess of it.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A DUMB MAN AND A POLICEMAN.—One is never seen, the other never heard.

HINT ON DRESS.—Don't carry your handkerchief in your breast-pocket. If you do—you take a wiper to your bosom.

THE POLICE.—An intelligent officer is alway remarkable for his quickness of apprehension.

THE REVERSE OF A NIGHT-CAP.—A wide-awake.

A few days since three Irishmen, very ill, were ordered to be sent to the St. Louis City Hospital. The physician prescribed for them suitable medicines, together with a bottle of fourth proof brandy, the latter to be given in doses of a table spoonful every hour or two. The three were then put in charge of a Hibernian nurse, with strict orders to follow the directions in administering the remedies. Next morning the Irish attendant reported one of the patients dying. On being asked how the others were getting along, she replied they were dead.

"Did you give the medicine as I told you?"

"Faith, an' I did, Sir."

"And the brandy?"

"Shure, an' I thought it a pity to waste so much good liquor on the men that were bound to die anyhow, so I drinked it meself."

Dr. March says the best cure for hysterics is to discharge the servant girl. In his opinion there is nothing like "flying round" to keep the nervous system from becoming unstrung. Some women think they want a physician when they only need a scrubbing-brush.

There is a lawyer in Dearborn County, Indiana, known no less for his eccentricity than his legal lore. Many are the anecdotes told of him. A man once went to him to be qualified for some petty office. Said he, "Hold up your hand; I'll swear you, but all creation couldn't qualify you."

Dr. Abernethy rarely met his match; but on one occasion he fairly owned that he had. He was sent for by an inn-keeper, who had had a quarrel with his wife, who had scored his face with her nails, so that the poor man was bleeding, and much disfigured. Abernethy considered this an opportunity not to be lost for admonishing the offender, and said,

"Madam, are you not ashamed of yourself, to treat your husband thus—the husband, who is the head of all—your head, madam, in fact?"

"Well, Doctor," fiercely returned the virago, "and may I not scratch my own head?"

Upon this, her friendly adviser, after giving directions for the benefit of the patient, turned on his heel and owned himself beaten for once.

An old epigram says:

"What smiles and welcomes would I give
Some friends to see each day I live;
And yet what treasures would I pay
If *some* would always stay away!"

"The mind of a young creature," says Bishop Berkeley, "can not remain empty; if you do not put into it that which is good, it will be sure to use even that which is bad."

At the time that the blacksmith of Gretna Green was in the full exercise of his vocation a couple presented themselves before him.

"It is five guineas, in advance," said he.

"What!" said the would-be husband, "my friend Smuggins only paid you twenty shillings."

"True; but as I had already married Smuggins five times I made him a discount."

A verdant Yankee expectant for office was advised the other day to apply for the consulship at the Lobos Islands, vice Guano removed. He had his letter written before he discovered the joke.

A lover knelt to maiden fair,
And vowed him her adorer—
"Ah! wilt thou leave me, sweetest one,
Thou bright and fair Aurora!"
Up sprang the blood of maiden fair,
Who box'd her fond adorer—
"How dare you, Sir, miscall me thus,
Me—me, indeed, *a roarer!*"

Sydney Smith gives this good advice, but whether he acted on it or not is quite another thing: "Rise early in the morning, not only to avoid self-reproach, but to make the most of the little life that remains; not only to save the hours lost in sleep, but to avoid that languor which is spread over mind and body for the whole of that day in which you have lain late in bed."

Ike Partington, in an Essay on Tobacco, says: "Tobacco was first introduced into England in the year 1600, and some say, by Sir Walter Raleigh, and the people didn't object to being introduced to it, though King James wrote something about it, intending to give it fits; but it became in every body's mouth, and soon more "old soldiers" of tobacco were to be seen than there were in the army of England. Sir Walter Raleigh's appetite for the weed was afterward impaired by having his head cut off. His memory has been puffed as a great benefactory to the human race that smokes."

Mrs. Browning sings:

"Weep, as if you thought of laughter!
Smile, as tears were coming after!
Marry your pleasures to your woes,
And think life's green well worth its rose."

Great and rare heart-offerings are found almost exclusively among women; nearly all the happiness and most blessed moments in love are of their creating, and so also in friendship, especially when it follows love.

Some public-house patriot was repeating the old national boast that "an Englishman's house is his castle." "I am not so positive about that," said a critic of the *Westminster Review;* "but I am sure that an English woman's dress is her castle; for it is such an enormous size now that it is morally and physically impossible for any one, friend or enemy, to come near her!"

At Gibraltar there was a great scarcity of water. An officer said he was very easy about the matter, for he had nothing to do with water; if he only got his tea in the morning, and punch at night, it was all that he wanted!

Oh, the wild fever of this mad unrest,
When baffled man, amid his hopes and fears,
Smites in despair his overanxious breast,
Not knowing in the dark which way he steers;
With brokers on his lea, and subtle sands
That late seemed stones but now prove naught but stocks,
He wrings imploringly his trembling hands,
And, just like those in Scripture, prays the rocks
May fall upon him—but prefers the sort
From California; and, howe'er their power,
'Twould be to him, just now, delightful sport
To stand and weather the auriferous shower,
Begging propitious Fortune to let down
Boulders of any size—he'll risk his crown.

At the recent Donegal assizes, the following cross-examination occasioned much merriment: Mr. Doherty—"What business do you follow?" "I am a schoolmaster." "Did you turn off your scholars, or did they turn you off?" "I do not wish to answer irrelevant questions." [Laughter.] "Are you a great favorite with your pupils?" "Ay, troth am I, a much greater favorite than you are with the public." "Where were you, Sir, this night?" "This night!" said the witness: "there is a learned man—this night is not yet come; I suppose you mean that night." [Here the witness looked at the judge, and winked his eye as if in triumph.] "I presume the 'schoolmaster was abroad' that night doing nothing." "Define 'nothing,'" said the witness. Mr. Doherty did not comply. "Well," said the learned schoolmaster, "I will define it. It is a footless stocking without a leg." [Roars of laughter, in which his lordship joined.] "You may go down, Sir." "Faith, I believe you're tired enough of me; but it is my profession to enlighten the public, and if you have any more questions to ask I will answer them."

At a dinner lately, this question was put to the guests—"Which is the stronger, *lie* or truth?" After a moment's consideration, Mr. Joseph Proctor answered—"Truth, for you may *re-ly* on it."

An old maid speaking of marriage, says it's like any other disease, while there is life there is hope.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, January* 18, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets during the past week have been very quiet for Breadstuffs. Flour has been in limited request chiefly for home use, and prices closed in favor of buyers. Wheat was less freely offered, and purchased, at, however, full rates. Corn was scarce and much needed in the early part of the week. Toward the close the receipts increased, and there was less inquiry for the various kinds. Rye, Barley, and Oats were lightly dealt in at about former quotations....Cotton was more sought after at an improvement of about 1 c. per pound since the date of our last review....Provisions have been moderately inquired for, but at irregular figures....Groceries have been more freely offered, especially Sugars, Molasses, and Rice, which have tended downward. The demand for all kinds has been restricted. The total receipts of Coffee in the United States (exclusive of California and Oregon) for the year ending December 31, 1857, were 1,505,038 packages, weighing 217,871,839 pounds, against receipts in 1856 of 1,678,902 packages, or 230,943,150 pounds, while the consumption in 1857 172,565,934 pounds; against a consumption in 1856 of 218,228,480 pounds, being a decrease of nearly 21 per cent.....The Dry Goods trade is reviving very tardily in private channels; but greatly increased activity is discernible in the auction rooms. Four large public sales of Foreign and Domestic Goods have occurred this week. The competition at each was vigorous, yet prices ruled in favor of purchasers, especially for other than choice standard fabrics. These sales were very numerously attended, and by many of the most respectable local dealers, as well as by several of the leading country buyers, who are thus enabled to secure supplies of seasonable fabrics at very low prices. The week's import of Dry Goods amounted to $1,073,969 against $2,872,727 the corresponding week in 1857. The imports since January 1 have been $1,575,408 against $5,063,736 same time in 1857....The movements in other commodities were moderate and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 25	@	$4 65
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	4 25	@	4 50
Extra Western Flour, per barrel......	4 50	@	8 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel...	4 35	@	7 00
Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel..	4 25	@	6 00
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel..	4 25	@	8 00
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl..	3 00	@	4 00
Corn Meal, per barrel..............	3 00	@	3 50
White Wheat, per bushel............	1 10	@	1 40
Red Wheat, per bushel..............	1 02	@	1 17
New Crop Corn, per bushel..........	71	@	73
Rye, per bushel....................	72	@	73
Barley, per bushel.................	70	@	80
Western Oats, per bushel...........	45	@	46
State Oats, per bushel.............	42	@	44
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel....	33	@	39
Southern Oats, per bushel..........	29	@	37
Cotton, middlings, per pound........	10¼	@	10½
Mess Pork, per barrel..............	14 75	@	14 90
Prime Pork, per barrel.............	11 50	@	12 00
Country Mess Beef, per barrel........	9 00	@	10 00
Country Prime Beef, per barrel.......	5 75	@	6 50
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce..........	17 00	@	23 00
Beef Hams, per barrel..............	14 50	@	16 50
Cut Meats, per pound...............	6	@	8½
Lard, per pound....................	8½	@	9¼
State Butter, per pound.............	12	@	22
Western Butter, per pound...........	10	@	15
Cheese, per pound..................	6	@	8
Rice, per 100 pounds...............	2 25	@	3 50
Rio Coffee, per pound..............	8½	@	11
Cuba Sugar, per pound..............	4½	@	6½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon...........	16	@	24
New Orleans Sugar, per pound........	5	@	7
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon....	28	@	30
Hyson Teas, per pound..............	25	@	55
Oolong Teas, per pound.............	30	@	50
Domestic Whisky, per gallon.........	—	@	21
North River Hay, per 100 pounds....	55	@	75
Hops, Crop of 1857, per pound........	5	@	10
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound.........	7	@	18
Seed Leaf Tobacco, per pound........	9	@	35
Am. Hemp, undressed, per ton.......	100 00	@	110 00
Am. Hemp, dressed, per ton.........	140 00	@	165 00
American Fleece Wool, per pound....	27	@	45
American pulled Wool, per pound....	20	@	28
Pot Ashes, per 100 pounds..........	5 25	@	—
Pearl Ashes, per 100 pounds.........	5 50	@	5 62½

Freights were inactive, though shippers had any existing advantages. For Liverpool — Cotton, 3-16d. per pound; Flour, 1s. 9d. @ 2s. per barrel; Grain, 4d. @ 5½d. per bushel; Rosin, 1s. 9d. @ 2s. per barrel; Beef, 3s. 6d. @ 4s. per tierce; and Heavy Goods, 20s. @ 25s. per ton. For other ports proportionate rates. The number of vessels in the port of New York on Saturday was 659 of all classes.

The Live Stock Market was even more heavily supplied last week with Beeves, which opened pretty uniformly, but closed ¼ c. per pound cheaper. The demand was restricted, owing, in part, to the poor quality of the stock offered....Milch Cows were plentier and less inquired for, prices favoring buyers....Veal Calves, especially good, were also more abundant and in fair request, at firmer rates....Sheep and Lambs arrived in larger numbers and better condition, but the demand was less vigorous, and prices tended downward....Swine were in fair supply and request at, however, a shade lower quotations....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending *Jan.* 6.	Week ending *Jan.* 13.
Beeves......................	3,796	3,774
Milch Cows..................	192	217
Veal Calves.................	310	338
Sheep and Lambs.............	6,625	8,055
Swine.......................	3,165	2,598

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

New York..........	1233	Kentucky..........	74
Ohio..............	1009	Illinois..........	72
Indiana...........	98		

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound..	$0 6	@	$0 10½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head.	20 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound..............	5	@	7
Sheep and Lambs, per head...........	3 50	@	14 00
" " per pound.........	6	@	9
Live Swine, per pound...............	4½	@	5
Dressed " "	5½	@	6½

The Country Produce Markets are quite well stocked with the leading kinds of produce, which are obtainable at comparatively low prices; the demand, however, is not very brisk, as the fine weather favors the policy of consumers, who are purchasing only as they really need supplies.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel..................	$2 50	@	$5 00
Apples, dried, per pound............	5	@	7
Peaches, dried, per pound...........	15	@	18
Hickory Nuts, per bushel............	1 87	@	2 00
Chestnuts, per bushel...............	2 00	@	2 25
Peanuts, per bushel.................	70	@	1 00
Cranberries, per barrel.............	6 50	@	10 00
Potatoes, per barrel................	1 75	@	3 75
" per bushel..................	90	@	95
" sweet, per barrel...........	5 00	@	6 00
Onions, per barrel..................	1 50	@	3 00
Turnips, per barrel.................	50	@	75
Squashes, per barrel................	2 50	@	2 75
Pumpkins, per 100...................	25 00	@	30 00
Beets, per barrel...................	1 12½	@	1 25
Cabbages, per 100...................	2 00	@	5 00
" Red, per dozen..........	75	@	1 12
Parsnips, per barrel................	1 25	@	1 50
Carrots, per barrel.................	—	@	1 50
Leeks, per 100......................	2 50	@	3 00
Celery, per dozen...................	50	@	75
Garlic, per 100.....................	5 50	@	6 00
Eggs, Limed, per dozen..............	16	@	17
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen..............	18	@	20
Chickens, per pound.................	8	@	12
Fowls, per pound....................	7	@	10
Guinea Fowl, per pair...............	44	@	50
Ducks, per pound....................	10	@	13
" per pair....................	62½	@	2 50
Turkeys, per pound..................	8	@	13
Turkeys, Wild, each.................	1 25	@	4 00
Geese, per pound....................	8	@	11
Pigeons, per dozen..................	1 75	@	2 50
Prairie Hens, per pair..............	75	@	1 00
Partridge, per pair.................	60	@	75
Roasting Pigs.......................	1 00	@	2 00
Rabbits, per pair...................	25	@	—
Hares, per pair.....................	31	@	38
Squirrels, each.....................	2	@	4
Venison, per pound..................	6	@	12
Bear Meat, per pound................	12	@	16

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Jan.* 18, 1858.

THERE are more slight signs of an attempt at revival in the foreign trade of the port. A comparison between the last week and the corresponding week of 1857 shows, however, the following figures:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Jan. 16, 1858	$2,195,403....	$649,559
Corresponding week, 1857	4,098,552....	1,680,294
Decrease............	$1,903,149....	$1,031,735

It must be remembered that the increase in the foreign trade of the port which contributed so largely to smooth the path for the revulsion, began to develop itself just one year ago.

The specie movement was somewhat over a million, to Europe; but against this there was over a million and a half from California; so that, allowing very little for the domestic exchanges, the specie in bank at present can not fall far short of thirty millions.

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